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JUNE ALLYSON

Here's to Romance—win a Smoother Skin with just One Cake of Camay!





Your complexion is the measure of your beauty! You're lovely when your skin is soft and clear. Yes, and you can win a softer, clearer, more appealing complexion with just *one cake* of Camay—if you'll give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow the easy directions on the Camay wrapper. Use Camay and Camay alone—and watch your beauty grow!

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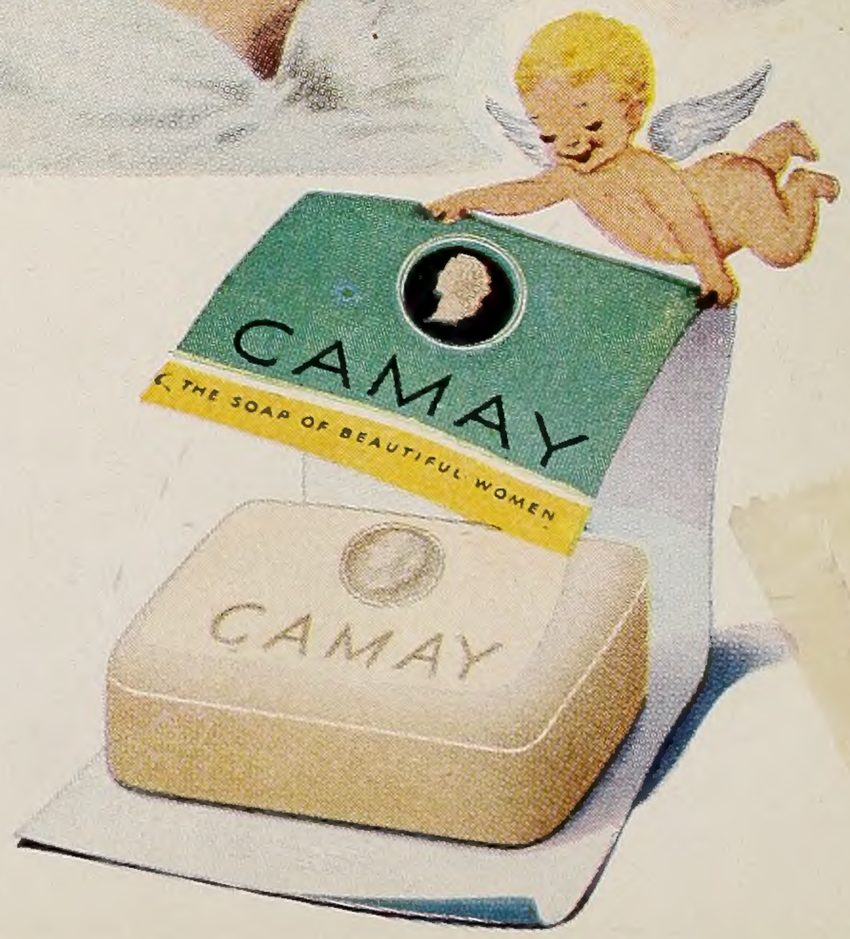
OF MR. AND MRS. HOOKER



Edward took Marian to lots of football games at the Yale Bowl. Lovely Marian is devoted to Camay—her very *first cake* worked wonders for her skin.



Groom taught bride deep-sea fishing off the Florida coast. Bride caught all the fish! Lucky about her complexion, too—Marian's going to stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



"I don't belong to any man"

Two kinds of men...two kinds of love...in her life...and when she chooses it must be forever!



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DANA ANDREWS
HENRY FONDA *in*

Daisy Kenyon

with
RUTH WARRICK
MARTHA STEWART
PEGGY ANN GARNER
CONNIE MARSHALL
NICHOLAS JOY • ART BAKER



A 20th CENTURY-FOX ROMANTIC HIT!

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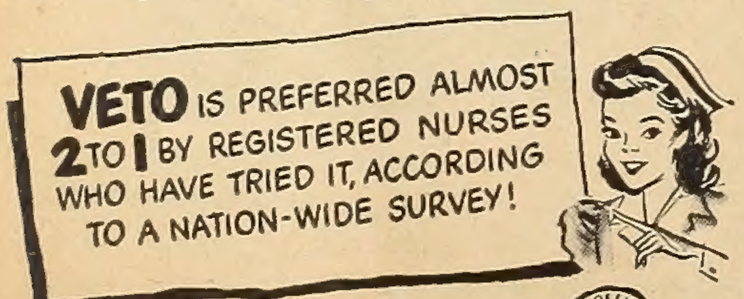
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To guard your loveliness, protect your charm—use VETO! Colgate's amazing new antiseptic deodorant checks perspiration, stops odor, yet is *doubly* safe! Safe for any normal skin! Safe for clothes! Only Veto contains *Duratex*, exclusive new safety ingredient—it's different from any deodorant you've used before. Use Colgate's Veto regularly to check perspiration, stop underarm odor *safely*. 10¢ and larger sizes. Drug, cosmetic counters.



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JANUARY, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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DESIGNED BY LESTER BEALL

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JEAN KINKEAD, contributing editor

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GOOD NEWS

it's the BEST NEWS of the NEW YEAR!







Joyous June as the kissable co-ed, with an eye for a certain guy . . . and it's tall-and-handsome Peter Lawford.

Look who's in it!..songster Mel Torme "The Lazy Voice."

M-m-m-meet that McCracken girl! The swinging-stepping star of Broadway's big hit "Oklahoma."

8 TERRIFIC SONG HITS
including
"Lucky In Love" • "Good News" "Just Imagine" • "He's A Lady's Man" • "Varsity Drag" • "The Best Things In Life Are Free"

JUNE
ALLYSON
PETER
LAWFORD
PATRICIA
MARSHALL • McCRACKEN
JOAN
RAY McDONALD • MEL TORME

Screen Play by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN • Based on the Musical Comedy by LAWRENCE SCHWAB • LEW BROWN FRANK MANDEL • B. G. De SYLVA • RAY HENDERSON

DIRECTED BY
CHARLES WALTERS • ARTHUR FREED
PRODUCED BY

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Lana Turner and Keenan Wynn came as Tartars to the Press Photographers' annual costume ball, held at Ciro's. Lana will meet Ty in N. Y. on his return from Africa, while Annabella may be getting a divorce in Paris.



There were over 200 guests at $12.50 per plate—the largest turnout to date. Only professional photogs and actors attended. Scantily-dressed Indians Paul Brinkman and wife Jeanne Crain gave cameras an eyeful.



An old-time lifeguard, complete with brush moustache, was John Hodiak. Seems as if he saved Ann Baxter from life in a harem. That's her—a be-jewelled dancer from the Orient, with a gown sheer as Salome's veils.



No one would ever suspect that Bowery bum Bob Hope had been offered $40,000 for a week's engagement at the Capitol Theater. Walter Winchell carries his costume on his hat—a press card, labeling him as writer.

Good News GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS Good News good news GOOD NEWS

louella parsons'

■ The words are the same, "Happy New Year!"

But, back of this cheerful greeting to 1948 is the deep prayer from all of us that this CAN and WILL be, a happy new year.

These are restless and desperate times, affecting men and women with a feeling of bewilderment and futility—and the men and women of Hollywood are no exception.

1947 has been one of movietown's most disastrous years where the home and marriage are concerned. True, the divorce rate was up all over the country—but as usual, Hollywood stars were in the spotlight. One encouraging thing, however, is that many stars who "rifted," for a variety of reasons, eventually saw their errors and kissed and



As soon as they got word of the ball, the ladies ransacked their studio wardrobes. Elizabeth Taylor and Janet Leigh found lovely Spanish gowns. Janet's husband Stanley Reams (left) and Tommy Breen followed suit.



Once a year, and this was it, the stars let down their hair in public. Betty Hutton and husband Ted Briskin were slinky adagio dancers. Betty is on maternity leave from Paramount—expecting her 2nd child in April.



A couple out of the 1890's are Bob Mitchum and his wife, Dorothy. Life was rough and ready in those days. Even now, it can be tough, especially for Bob, who's just lost all his savings, $68,000, in a bad investment.



Kathryn Grayson and Johnnie Johnston may look as if they're at the height of feathery fashion. But Kate's gown is just a pair of panties in the back, and Johnnie's well-pressed trousers are really snappy shorts.

made up before the year was out.

Right after the war, the experts blamed "war nerves" for the crash of many homes in and out of Hollywood. Now, what shall we call it? "Lack of security" nerves? "Restless" nerves? "Desperation" nerves?

Yes, I see these intangible hazards of our times as the direct causes of many of Hollywood's marriage battles and divorces during 1947. Whether they are conscious of it or not, too many people and too many stars are saying, "Who knows what will happen? Life is insecure. I'll take my happiness where I find it."

"Happiness?" Where a home, a wife, a husband are concerned? Often, where little children were concerned?

Of all the marriage operations that came under my microscope last year, Mark Stevens was the most honest patient. In trying to analyze why he had walked out on his pretty little Southern wife, Annelle, and their baby, for three months of "freedom," he told me:

"I was confused, Louella. I was a fool. All I can say is that I was all mixed up. I wasn't 'sent' back to my wife. I returned because I realized how much she and my home and my baby meant to me."

Mark got the socking of his life from some of the press for saying this. It was considered "ungallant" to Hedy Lamarr, the beauty with whom he had spent so much time during his separation, particularly after Hedy had said that she sent him home because she didn't want to cause anyone unhappiness.

Let's look at it this way: If Hedy had her pride to save, so did Mrs. Mark Stevens. It hurts way down deep to reconcile under the impression that a husband has been sent home as one would return a pup who has strayed from the home and hearth.

I'm not saying that Hedy was to blame in saying what she did. She did not separate the Stevenses. Mark's nerves and bad health worked the first wedge between them. Hedy, too, was going through a miserable period of unhappiness following her separation from John Loder, at the time she met Mark. They were two unhappy people who ignited a spark when both were at low ebb.

The Loders are another case in point of

(*Advertisement*)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Good News GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS Good News good news GOOD NEWS

louella parsons'



Sid Grauman, who first asked stars to put their foot-prints in cement, has inaugurated a "Hollywood Hall of Fame" at his Egyptian Theater. Red Skelton, Mag O'Brien and Van Johnson were among first to be so honored!

frayed "nerves" wrecking a marriage where three children were involved. Hedy was almost at the point of a nervous breakdown just before their separation.

I talked with her at that time and I shall never forget the mixed-up things she told me, although she did not realize it.

She said that if John could only work and keep busy, their problems might not have come about. (He made four pictures last year and was East for a show for over two months.) She said he couldn't do little things around the house. (How many men can?) She said he resented her career. (And he is an actor!)

I was surprised that she seemed to miss what, to my way of thinking, was the REAL source of their trouble in a maze of imaginary ills. Loder has a tendency to be exacting and critical and it is difficult for Beauty with a capital B to live with that. In spite of their two children and a little boy Hedy adopted, I do not believe this marriage could be saved under any circumstances. Fire and cold water never mix.

Ah, but I can and do shake a finger at the Danny Kayes, who have not definitely parted at this writing, but they have openly separated for no good reason that they, or anyone else, has yet given.

I know that Danny says he and Sylvia decided they would be "happier apart."

I know that Sylvia backs him up, at least in insisting that they have never been as friendly in years as they have been since he moved out of the house.

But here are two young people who struggled up the ladder of success side by side, joy by joy—and now heartache by heartache. Danny is the first to say that Sylvia's routines for his numbers are largely responsible for where he is today. They are still working together on his new contract at Warners. They still dine together. Danny is frequently at the house to see the baby.

Where two people have loved so deeply and accomplished so much—it is sheer tragedy if they don't adjust the differences they are going through. There is no greater happiness in the world than understanding and companionship. Perhaps these twin virtues give a slow, steady glow but they burn longer than any other light in the world, including the *grandes passions* of life. And there's no sadder illumination than a torch burning after it is too late to recapture what has been lost.



The most musical musical ever ever!

16 SONGS
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"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"
"IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT"
"WILL YOU LOVE ME IN DECEMBER"
"A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN"
"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"
"MY EVENING STAR"
"MY NELLIE'S BLUE EYES"
"MOTHER MACHREE"
"DEAR OLD DONEGAL"
"WEE ROSE OF KILLARNEY"
"IF I'M DREAMING, LET ME DREAM"
"LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY"

DENNIS MORGAN

as a divil with an ear for a tune and an eye for a wild Irish Rose!

Warner Bros.' Big Parade of Color, Comedy and Dancin' Colleens!

"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"

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Directed by DAVID BUTLER • Screen Play by Peter Milne • Based upon a Book by Rita Olcott
Musical Numbers Orchestrated and Conducted by Ray Heindorf • Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

Good News GOOD NEWS GOOD NEWS Good News

louella parsons'

good news GOOD NEWS



When Virginia Mayo and Michael O'Shea spent part of their honeymoon in Phila. (at Sam Goldwyn's request), Ginny was interviewed by local school paper editors, and queried on long skirts, how to get into the movies.



Joan Carroll and Ingrid Bergman did *Bells of St. Mary's* for Screen Guild radio show, for which stars donate their services to Motion Picture Relief Fund. Ingrid's daughter Pia now wears same short hair-do as her mom.

Verneva Jo Burgay, beauty contest victor, who won the title, "Vickey Bobbie Girl," visited Ken Murray, producer of *Bill and Coo*, and actress Joan Hunsaker, during her two weeks' prize trip to the movie capital.



Wives who love will wait for men—but not forever.

I hope that the Kayes go back together again just as Susan Hayward and Jess Barker did after their short rift, and the Mickey Rooneys, and Linda Darnell and Pev Marley and even the temperamental Cornel Wildes. The latter two, at least, are trying to hold on through storm and strife.

The divorce scandal of 1947 is the Brian Donlevys', battling through mud and mire and property settlements to obtain the custody of innocent little four-year-old Judy, their daughter. It's sickening—the whole thing.

If you don't know the details, you must have been behind an iron curtain of your own. I won't repeat the charges and counter-charges.

But the mud from this mess has tarred all Hollywood. People write me, "I suspected things like this were going on in movie marriages. This just happens to have come out in the open."

How unfair and unjust for people like the Donlevys, who have had so much good from this industry in material and artistic things, not to have felt a greater responsibility to the hand that fed them fame and fortune before they started slinging their divorce darts.

The Donlevy case is no more "typical" of Hollywood than the many marriages and divorces of Tommy Manville are "typical" of the manufacturing industry.

On the other hand, I must say that the divorce of Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles IS a typical Hollywood divorce. Too much "genius" under one roof made it impossible for Rita to live with him.

I've been accused of "having it in" for Welles and, meeting the accusation head on—I have. I think there is very little he wouldn't sacrifice to advance his career as an actor-director-producer big shot. Once, he terrified an entire nation with a sensational broadcast that sounded like Men from Mars were descending on our defenceless heads. Many

of the stories he has produced have had barbed implications, causing heartaches to others.

But we are asked to accept all this under the guise of "Genius" interpretations. Well, I can't take that for an explanation. And neither could Rita. I believe the entire trouble between them was his career which came above everything else, including his wife and daughter.

Greer Garson's career was too big for her marriage, too, but with what a difference. Greer never flaunted the fact that she is a great star in her home. To the contrary, she made a valiant effort to be modest and unassuming in her private life role of Mrs. Richard Ney.

Richard, and I like him very much, was the first to say after he asked for his release from M-G-M, "I want to freelance because I do not want to trade on my wife's name and standing at her home studio."

And, when he went out on his own, after returning from service in the Navy, he did very well. He received interesting assignments in good pictures because he IS a good actor. But he is not a star.

If there is a bitter pill that it is hard for any man to swallow in a marriage it is the uncomfortable feeling of not leading, of not being the strongest in the union. Although neither Greer nor Richard could help it, and I know she has deep affection for him and he will always adore and respect her—they couldn't get over the hurdle that her career had outdistanced his.

The most heedless divorce was that of June Haver and Jimmy Zito because it was the most heedless marriage. When, when, WHEN will these young girls stop to think and to realize what marriage means before they plunge into a union that can wreck their entire life?

I don't think June, who is 22, was even blinded by infatuation. She just wanted to get married and admits it. Did it matter that the man she selected hadn't been part of her world or of her life for many years? Did she stop to think whether or not they were companionable? Apparently not.

She had a bitter and unhappy awakening in less than three months of marriage. She discovered too late that she didn't know Jimmy at all, that he wasn't the man she had idealized for so many years. She has cried tears of desperation for her mistake and she may have ruined her life. I say this because if she is unable to get a religious annulment, she may never be able to marry again.

What a price to pay for a moment of reckless decision! I feel like saying to all girls who want to get married for surface reasons—because you want to get away from home, or because you want children, or because some man has the money to support you—think long and hard before you make that "forever" vow!

The divorces that hurt the most are those that parted fine people who have been mar-

Is Peter Lind Hayes Unfair about Women?



ARLEEN WHELAN AND PETER LIND HAYES CO-STARRING
IN "THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET", A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

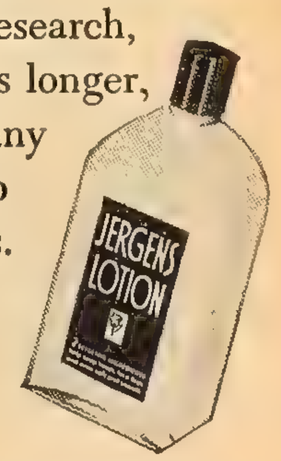


Unfair?

Arleen Whelan says:

"Peter Lind Hayes judges a woman by her hands. Velvety smooth hands—or she doesn't rate. Unfair? Oh, I don't think so. It's easy to use Jergens Lotion and have just darling hands. Oh, yes—I use Jergens." Jergens Lotion is, 7 to 1, the hand care the Stars use.

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louella parsons'



Vanessa Brown decorates Michael Leavitt (105 years old) at a benefit for Jewish Home for Aged.



Dining at Slapsy's are pert-hatted Gloria DeHaven and John Payne. They're not expecting another baby as was reported. Recently, in fact, the Paynes returned from a bear-hunting trip with signs of more marriage trouble.



A while ago, Ava Gardner said she was going to skip men for her career. Since then, she's been out with almost every unattached male in town. Here, with Pete Lawford at Ice Follies.

ried many years. There were too many of them: The Jesse Laskys, who have been married 30 years. The Edward Arnolds who have been together over 22 years. The David Selznicks, over 15 years. And the latest, Margaret Sullavan and Leland Hayward, breaking up after 11 years.

Believe me, there are many heartaches in the breaking up of these homes. Certainly, in these cases, the marriages had been tested and founded on strong ground.

Why, then, did they part?

I believe that puts us right back where we started from in the beginning of this discussion. These restless, desperate times have cast their shadows deep into the homes of the nation and of Hollywood.

* * *

Now that I have all that off my chest—let's look around at more cheerful events of Hollywood this past month.

Merle Oberon gave the most delightful dinner party in a long time. Maybe it's a hangover from her days of being Lady Korda, but Merle lives in great luxury. Her home in Bel Air is adorned with the most beautiful and valuable paintings and her china, linens and silver service are just out of this world.

Even when she is entertaining twenty or thirty, it's usually a formal "sit down" dinner when Merle entertains, and this occasion was no exception.

Paulette Goddard, just back from Paris, was a sensation when she walked in wearing the latest thing in padded hips—a black velvet skirt with a stiff crinoline under-flounce that made it seem to stand by itself. Her bodice was white and she wore her hair long, shoulder-length. I noticed during the evening, she borrowed a heavy hairpin from Joan Crawford because she said her hair felt uncomfortable. Leave it to Paulette to do the unusual—dress to the teeth and then swoop her hair up on top of her head with a single hair-pin!

Mrs. Gary Cooper was wearing one of those new tight corsets.

"Gary will have to get me out of this dress," she said, "it's that skin tight." Rocky said she was having a heck of a time breathing—but the pale blue dress was certainly becoming. (Well, I can't see myself getting into one of those corsets if every woman in the world wears them. I remember my mother having the whole family lacing her into tight stays too well and too uncomfortably!)

Our hostess was gowned by Orry Kelly who does those luscious things for the screen—I mean gowns like Joan Fontaine wore in *Ivy*. It was filmy and delicate, in at the waist, but not flared like Paulette's or corseted like Mrs. Cooper's. Virginia Zanuck looked chic plus *comfortable* in a dress that conformed to the styles as we know them in America.

Joan Crawford, the clothes horse, compromised in her gown. She made a concession to the new styles with a lace ruffle around her hips, but it was transparent so you



"What a fall guy I am . . . thinking just because you're good to look at—you'd be good all the way through!"

BURT LANCASTER

And

LIZABETH SCOTT

In

HAL WALLIS'

Production

"I WALK ALONE"

With

WENDELL COREY
KIRK DOUGLAS
KRISTINE MILLER

And

George Rigaud · Marc Lawrence
Mike Mazurki · Mickey Knox

Directed by Byron Haskin · Screenplay by Charles Schnee · Adaptation by Robert Smith and John Bright · Based upon an original play "Beggars Are Coming to Town" by Theodore Reeves · Produced on the Stage by Oscar Serlin · A Paramount Picture

louella parsons'



It's a surprise for Bill Bendix when he hits the right note. At a benefit show for *Variety Girl,* Colonna, Dot Lamour, Hope and Ladd join him in a mellow quintet.



Diana Lynn and Bob Neal stop to chat at Somerset House. Diana got a diamond bracelet on her 21st birthday, but set no wedding date.



This man and his ice-cream pop won't be parted. It's Jimmy Durante and Danny Thomas at the recent *Variety Girl* benefit show.



Maybe Marshall Thompson's camera-shy, but he'd like to speak publicly to students about their civic roles. Here, with Faye Marlowe.

could still see what wonderfully slender lines she really has. Smart girl!

* * *

Bette Davis thinks nicknames are important, so she has endowed her daughter, Barbara Davis Sherry, with a nickname of which she approves.

It's "BeeDee" and if you look closely, those are the baby's first two initials—B. D.

* * *

Close-Up of Bogey—Mr. Humphrey Bogart to you: He not only calls Lauren Bacall "Baby," he calls most women he likes "Baby". . . . He doesn't go in for social distinctions on a set. Half the time a prop boy or an electrician can be found dozing in a chair labeled "Mr. Bogart" while he sits on a plug box or anything else handy. . . . He hates to go out socially—but once he accepts an invitation, he's the first guest to arrive and usually the last to leave. . . . He loves to get a rise out of people, prodding them about their political beliefs particularly. . . . He doesn't smile much, but he has a roaring laugh when something strikes him funny. . . . He's never made a "best-dressed man" list. . . . He doesn't like fussy, frilly clothes on women but he thinks all femmes should have a very feminine boudoir. . . . He likes the new dark stocking colors. . . . When he dies and goes to heaven he hopes it will be on a boat. It wouldn't be heaven without one. . . . He likes highly seasoned foods, and anything labeled "good for him" he swears gives him a stomach ache. . . . He wakes up in a good humor but wants a cup of coffee before indulging in much conversation. . . . He considers himself something of a mug, but his several wives have all been very glamorous women. He keeps his male friends forever. Add it all up—and this is the one and only Bogey.

* * *

I wonder if the next big romance in Jimmy Stewart's life will be Margaret Sullavan, now that she is free?

There are friends who will tell you that the spark Jimmy once felt for Maggie has never really gone out, although he has remained in the background as the good family friend through three of her marriages to other men.

A girl who was once crazy about Jimmy, herself, told me: "I don't think he realizes it consciously. But I think Margaret is and always will be the real love of Jimmy's life; no matter how many girls he takes out, she's in his mind.

* * *

Well, that's all for this month.

We're all starting on a new year with new opportunities, and believe that I mean it from the bottom of my heart when I wish you health, happiness and peace of mind for this coming year.

One old habit I want to keep is your letters coming in. I wonder what the new year will bring us to talk about. Not all these divorces in Hollywood—I hope!

On Guard!

ADVENTURE CALLS ...AND BEAUTY BECKONS!

in Technicolor!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

LARRY PARKS

The Swordsman

WITH

ELLEN DREW

GEORGE MACREADY · EDGAR BUCHANAN

RAY COLLINS · MARC PLATT

Original screenplay by Wilfrid H. Pettitt

Directed by JOSEPH H. LEWIS · Produced by BURT KELLY

A DASHING NEW ROLE FOR LARRY PARKS . . . EXCITING STAR OF 'THE JOLSON STORY' and 'DOWN TO EARTH!'

COLUMBIA PICTURES

dorothy kilgallen selects "the bishop's wife"

■ As a normal member of the female population, I always have considered Cary Grant "divine" in the colloquial sense of the word, but I must confess it never occurred to me that he would make a splendid angel.

It did occur to the astute Samuel Goldwyn, however, and the result is *The Bishop's Wife*—as tender, humorous, intelligent and heart-warming a picture as you may hope to see in many a Hollywood moon.

In fact, only my morbid familiarity with the workings of editors' minds restrains me from just writing *"The Bishop's Wife* is a wonderful picture" one hundred times and letting it go at that. For there, in seven words, is the literal truth about a film that not only delights but inspires, and cannot fail to remind millions of people in this tired age that the Golden Rule as a way of life is dated, perhaps, but infinitely desirable.

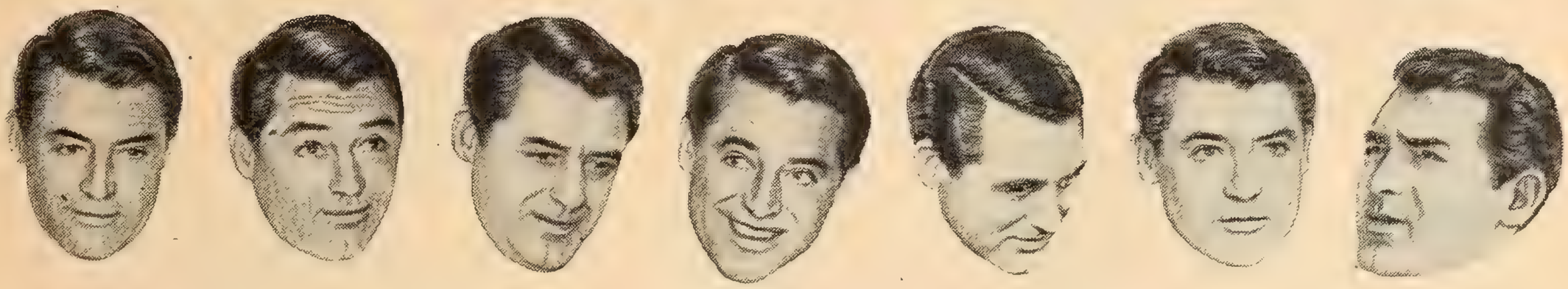
In (*Continued on page 85*)



Cary Grant, Sara Haden, Loretta Young, David Niven and Karolyn Grimes head the cast.

WHAT AN IDEA FOR A PICTURE!

Samuel Goldwyn who brought you "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty", now presents a heart-warming comedy—"The Bishop's Wife."



Cary Grant ... an out-of-this-world guy with worldly ideas.



Loretta Young ... the bishop's wife—thought the ideas were good!



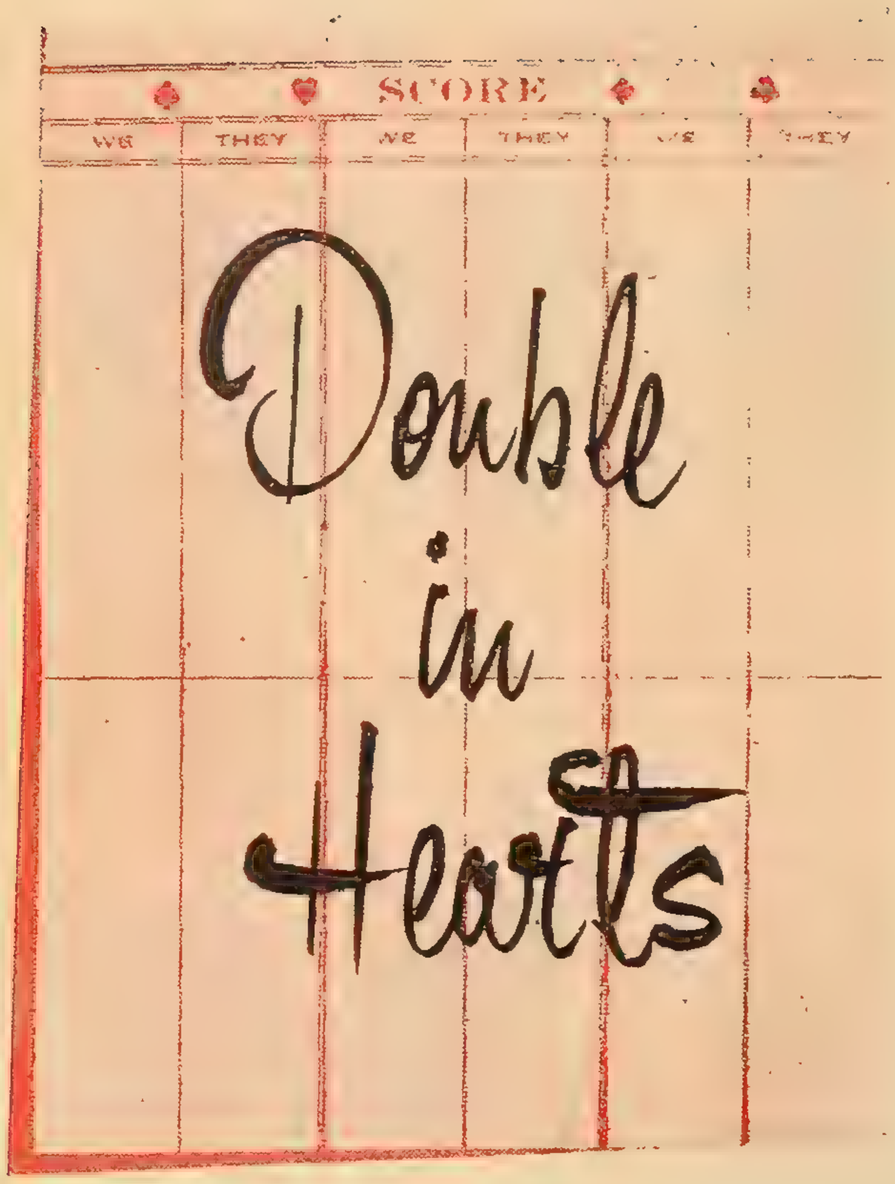
David Niven the bishop who had some ideas of his own.

The Bishop's Wife ... a comedy that will leave every wife smiling and thinking ... every husband smiling and wondering ... and every sweetheart? ???

with MONTY WOOLLEY

JAMES GLEASON • GLADYS COOPER • ELSA LANCHESTER and THE MITCHELL BOYCHOIR

Directed by HENRY KOSTER • Screen Play by Robert E. Sherwood & Leonardo Bercovici • From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Released through RKO-RADIO PICTURES, Inc.



Double in Hearts

THE MARRIAGES OF JUNE HAVER AND MARK STEVENS RUN A GAMUT OF COINCIDENCE. HERE'S THE LATEST CHAPTER—PLUS A STARTLING CONFESSION BY JIMMY ZITO!

by Florabel Muir
Special Modern Screen Reporter

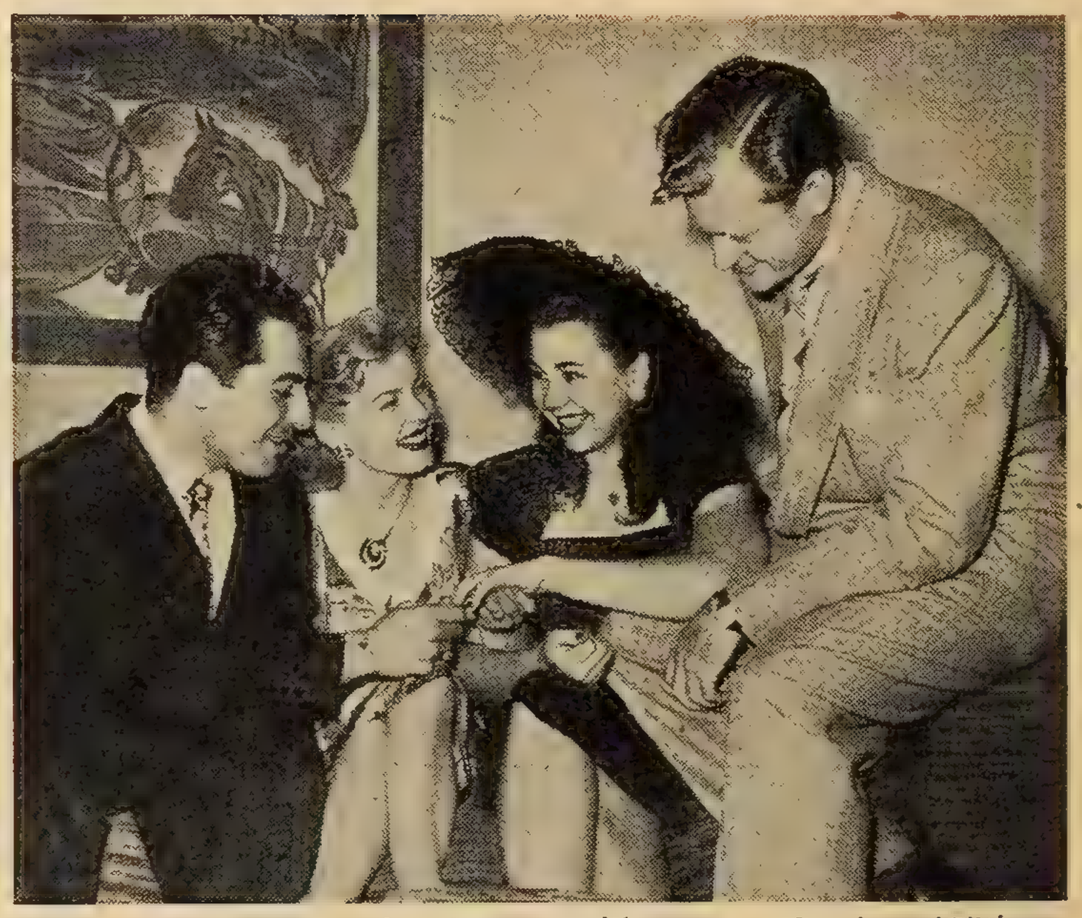
■ Sitting in a movie theater enjoying *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now,* you'd bet the two stars, June Haver and Mark Stevens, were two of the favorite children of the goddess of good luck. You'd risk a buck that the two of them were up to their neck in heaven-sent happiness.

Well, you'd lose, on both counts. But—if you bet you could name the most miserably confused boy and girl in the world, and your choice fell on this same pair, you'd win, hands down.

A strange parallel runs disconcertingly through the tangled careers of these two. Both were married in the month of March, after highly romantic courtships. Mark Stevens became the husband of lovely Annelle Hayes on March 13, 1945. She was a beauty from Dallas, Texas, with a definite acting talent of her own, and she gave up a career bright with promise to marry Mark and become the mother of little Mark, Jr., born in November, 1946.

June Haver eloped to Las Vegas with Jimmy Zito, talented band musician, on March 2, 1947.

One thing is a certain cinch—if June or Mark had been (*Continued on page 85*)



Jimmy was present at June's pre-wedding party for Jane Withers and Bill Moss. It was the last time the two were together before June filed for divorce. Now she wants to adopt a baby!



Mark has admitted he's sorry for humiliation caused his wife; took Annelle to N. Y. on a second honeymoon. Mark, Jr., celebrated his first birthday by cutting hand, requiring 10 stitches.

TOUGH!.. TENSE!.. TERRIFIC!.. and TRUE!



SEE killers trapped the way it hurts most—through their women!

SEE hammering fists of vengeance batter a man to death!

SEE a squealer get his...scalding death with live steam!

THE SCREEN SHATTERING STORY OF THE TREASURY'S TOUGH GUYS!

T-MEN





starring

DENNIS O'KEEFE

with

Mary MEADE • Alfred RYDER • Wally FORD
June LOCKHART • Charles McGRAW

Produced by AUBREY SCHENCK • Directed by ANTHONY MANN
Written by John C. Higgins • Suggested by a Story by Virginia Kellogg

A Reliance Picture • An Eagle Lion Films Release

WATCH FOR IT!
Coming Soon To Your Favorite Theatre.

Despite her many affairs, the one true love in Amber's life is Lord Carlton (Cornel Wilde). Defying her husband, the Duke, she nurses him through the Black Plague, aided by Mrs. Spong (M. Wycherley).



Amber's career reaches its climax when she becomes mistress of the King (G. Sanders). She is jealous of Carlton's wife (Jane Dall) and tries to impress her. Soon after, the decline of Amber begins.





Realizing that her son Bruce would lead her sort of life if she kept him, Amber gives him up to his father, Lord Carlton. Then her husband dies in the Great Fire.

Movie reviews

by Virginia Wilson

FOREVER AMBER

The version of *Forever Amber* presented for you on the screen is somewhat sterilized, naturally, but I think you're going to like it. There's Linda Darnell as an "amber blonde." (And why aren't there more of those around? Pretty!) There's George Sanders playing King Charles II in the best bit of acting he's ever done. There is also Cornel Wilde as Lord Carlton, the one true love of Amber's life. I consider Cornel definitely miscast in this role, but I'm probably a minority of one on that point. Richard Greene has humor and charm as Almsbury, and Richard Haydn does an effective bit as Amber's husband.

You will see some particularly resplendent Technicolor, and gorgeous costumes. You want plot, too? Okay. Here it is.

Amber St. Clare starts as a village wench, when she meets Lord Carlton and Almsbury as they're passing through her town. With no encouragement, she follows them to London. Before long she is pregnant. Carlton has gone off to sea, and she has managed to get herself robbed of the money he left.

She comes close to bearing Carlton's son in Debtor's Prison but by a combination of luck and beauty, finds a new protector to get her out. He is a highwayman who is soon caught and hung, but by then, Amber has met Captain Morgan (Glenn Langan). She is kept by him for some time, but like all fashionable courtesans, goes on the stage. And because of it meets Carlton again.

This has the unfortunate effect of getting Captain Morgan killed in a duel, and sending Carlton off in disgust. Even Amber is somewhat chastened and hastily marries a Duke. He is at least eighty and shouldn't give her any trouble. In any case, that's the way she figures it.

Unfortunately, he turns out to be unexpectedly narrow minded about her nursing Carlton through the Black Plague. It was just as well the old man was killed in the Great Fire of London, or he might even have prevented her from becoming the King's mistress!

Eventually, of course, Amber's sins find her out. But, in the meantime, you've had a fairly exciting evening!—*20th-Fox*



The Swordsman: Larry Parks and Ellen Drew, offspring of feuding Scotch clans, fall in love.

THE SWORDSMAN

It seems there used to be "a-feudin' and a-fussin' and a-fightin'" even back in 1700, in Scotland. A Highland Fling version of the Hatfield-McCoy feud is on exhibit in Technicolor. Larry Parks does some of the fanciest dueling seen in years, as young Alexander MacArden.

The MacArdens hate the Glowans and the Glowans kill a MacArden on sight. But young Alex, just back after ten years in the comparative civilization of Oxford, can see no reason why he shouldn't fall in love with beautiful Barbara Glowan. He does, however, have discretion enough to tell her his name is Donald Fraser. On this basis, he is invited to the annual festival at MacArden Castle.

The idea amuses his father who allows him to go, hoping he will win the javelin-throwing contest—the big event of the year. Alex does win it, too, from young Murdock (Mark Platt), the only one of the Glowan clan, except Barbara, who seems half-way human.

Robert Glowan (George Macready) guesses Alex's identity and when Alex leaves starts after him to kill him. He doesn't get Alex but does succeed in murdering an old family servant of the MacArden clan. He also, in a completely treacherous move to foment the feud, kills his own brother, Murdoch, blaming it on Alex.

Barbara, on her way to a stolen meeting with Alex, hears that news. In her first horror, she gives Robert a clue to where Alex is waiting. He is captured there and taken off to Glowan Castle as a prisoner.

Barbara offers herself as hostage to the head of the MacArden clan, to prove her love for Alex. But she soon finds it will take more than this to stop the fighting between the clans. Even after Alex is free again, the feud goes on in blood and anger and death. It is through a discovery of Barbara's that, at last, peace comes to the Highlands.—*Col.*

GOOD NEWS

A Broadway musical of some years ago has been hypoed into what looks like a

Are you in the know?



To a clever hostess, what's a good mixer?

- ☐ *Cement*
- ☐ *Circus party*
- ☐ *Cola and Hamburgers*

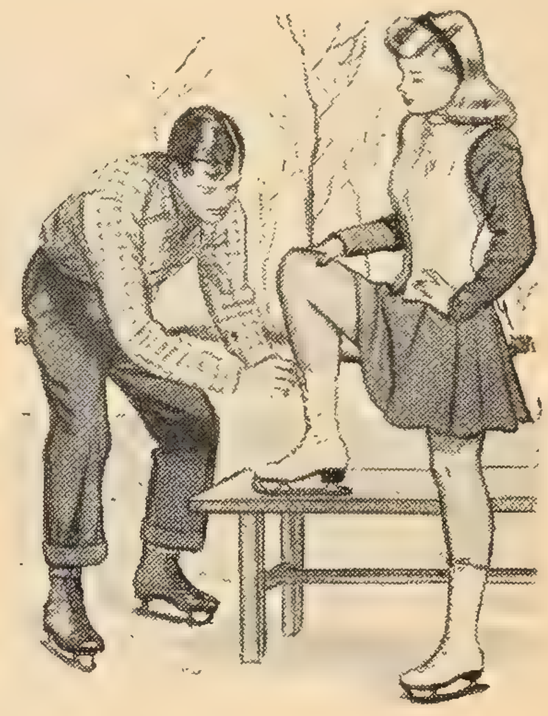
When it's your turn to entertain, be different! Pin up home-made circus posters . . . have your guests come dressed like a Big Top troupe. It's a mixer that can't miss! And don't *you* miss the fun—even if your calendar says "Killjoy is here"! Whatever your costume, those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent telltale outlines. And what with that exclusive *safety center* giving you *extra* protection—you'll be gay as a calliope!



If you're chatter-shy, which date is wisest?

- ☐ *Dancing*
- ☐ *Dinner*
- ☐ *An active sport*

Maybe you're no whiz at small talk. Suggest some active sport you shine at—and conversation will take care of itself. You're confident, too (on "those" days) with the comfort of *new* Kotex. For there's never been a napkin like this new Kotex! With downy *softness* that *holds its shape*. Made to *stay* soft while you wear it. And you can bend as freely as you please, for your Kotex Sanitary Belt doesn't bind: it's adjustable, all-elastic!



She'll cut more ice with *him* if she—

- ☐ *Grooms those gams*
- ☐ *Goes in for hockey*
- ☐ *Plays oh-so-helpless*

On a skate date, can your pegs take a close-up? Are they fuzzless . . . shapely? To slim them, do this at home, twice daily: Lying on left side, raise right leg as high as possible, touching ankle with right hand. Repeat ten times with each leg. Helps whittle 'em down to glamour-size. On problem days, the proper size of *napkin* aids your self-assurance. Choose from the *3 sizes* of Kotex . . . there's one that's perfect for your own special needs!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior, Super

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"I Can't Chance 'Travel Stomach'— That's Why I Carry TUMS!"

Says MORTON DOWNEY
Singing Star of Radio, Stage and Screen

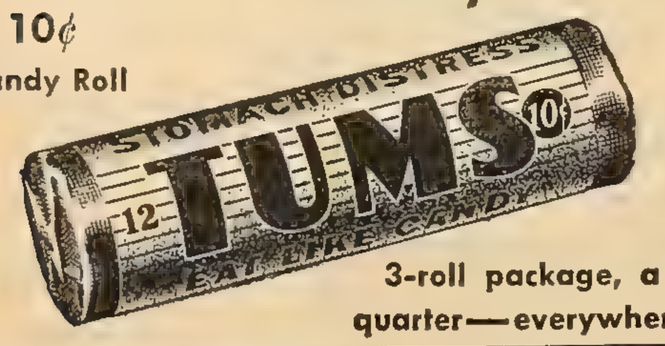


"I travel a lot and my throat couldn't hit a high note if I ever let acid indigestion bother me," says Morton. "So I carry Tums. They always bring me sweet relief jiffy-quick!"

Whenever, wherever acid indigestion pops up, put it down *fast* with Tums. One or two tasty Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly—Tums also coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums settle fluttery, sour stomach. Chase heartburn, gas and that bloated feeling. And when excess acid keeps you awake, don't count sheep—count on Tums! No soda in Tums—nothing to overalkalize and irritate your delicate stomach. So *never* overalkalize—always neutralize excess acidity with Tums. Nothing surer, nothing faster! Get Tums today—*genuine* Tums for the tummy!

Night and day, at home or away, always carry Tums!

10¢
Handy Roll



3-roll package, a quarter—everywhere

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable NR (Nature's Remedy). Caution: Take only as directed. Get a 25c box today.



Good News: J. Allyson, P. Lawford, Joan McCracken and Mel Torme in a campus musical.

screen hit. June Allyson and Peter Lawford play the leads. Joan McCracken is wonderful as June's best friend and Ray McDonald, Mel Torme and Robert Strickland are all part of the general laugh-bait.

The picture and its hit song are both called *Good News*. There are other songs like "Lucky Day" and "Varsity Drag" which will probably have you humming them the way people did back in the twenties.

The plot is fairly predictable but no one expects surprises in a musical. It concerns Tommy Marlowe (Peter Lawford), Tait College's football hero. Tommy is dynamite on the gridiron and TNT in a sorority house. He's also about as pleased with himself as any one guy can be.

He has never even noticed Connie Lane (June Allyson), who is working her way through college, in the school library. But after all, football heroes don't spend much time in libraries.

The glamor girl of the campus is Pat McClellan (Patricia Marshall), who is concerned with two things—her own beauty and her search for a millionaire husband. Tommy can't understand why she doesn't swoon at the sight of him the way the rest of the girls do. It's because Pat has discovered that Peter Van Dyne III (Robert Strickland) has a large fortune tucked away in the family vault.

Tommy's ego is so wounded by all this that he actually strays into the college library one day, where he meets Connie. He persuades her to tutor him in French so he can impress Pat, who is fond of tossing French phrases about like confetti. He likes Connie enough, so he even asks her to go to the Prom with him. She accepts ecstatically, but then Babe (Joan McCracken), strictly as a gag, tells Pat that Tommy is heir to a pickle fortune. Things are tough for awhile but in the end it's all "good news."—*M-G-M*

THE MAN FROM TEXAS

In a small Texas church, in 1880, a man and his wife are getting married. I know—that sounds crazy, but please keep reading. You see, the El Paso Kid (James Craig), a bank robber of some note, and his wife, Zee (Lynn Bari), were actually married eight years before by a Justice of the Peace. They have a couple of children to prove it. But Zee has always wanted a church wedding and now she's going to have it—or know the reason why!

However, the ceremony is interrupted somewhat abruptly by the arrival of the sheriff. The Kid and his best man, Billy (Johnny Johnston), take off in a hurry. The Kid knows how Zee is going to feel about it and before he goes home he tells Billy he has decided to become an honest man. He will open a little business and keep Zee and the children happy and unworried.

Next day he walks into the office of the local bank president, known as Pop (Harry Davenport), to ask for a five-hundred-dollar loan. Pop, not unnaturally, when he sees the Kid, thinks he's about to be robbed. He is relieved when the Kid only asks for five hundred. The former robber asks him not to tell anyone about the transaction but Pop runs to the sheriff immediately and pours out the whole story.

In spite of the difficulties in the situation, the Kid does manage to start a business in another town and everything is going fine. Then some of the members of his old gang show up. The Kid decides to pull one last robbery to get some capital for his business, in spite of Zee's protests. This will be the last time, he promises.

He robs a stagecoach which turns out to be empty. At the next stop he robs a bank collector which he considers practically legal. Things get more and more complicated, and Zee leaves him. But eventually it all straightens out, so don't worry.—*Eagle-Lion*



The Fugitive: Dolores Del Rio aids Henry Fonda, a priest fleeing from anti-religious rulers.

THE FUGITIVE

I don't know just how much symbolism is intended in *The Fugitive,* but it seems to be quite a lot. At any rate, it's the story of a young priest (he is never called by name), played by Henry Fonda. The priest is pursued throughout the picture by the anti-religious government of the small Central American country in which he lives.

He is deeply loved by all the people of the country except one half-breed (J. Carroll Naish) who wants to betray him and get the reward offered by the government. He is never called anything but "the *Mestizo*" which is, apparently, Central American for half-breed.

There's a girl among the priest's parishioners, named Maria (I'm glad *somebody* in this picture has a name). Maria is a sweet girl but a little too obliging in her relations to men. The priest chides her, but when she has an illegitimate child, he baptizes it, and forgives her.

Later, when the police are hot on his trail, Maria saves his life. She hides him, and uses such effective delaying tactics on the policeman in charge that the priest gets completely away.

However, the *Mestizo* finds his new hiding place, and decides this is a good chance to get the reward. He knows the priest will never refuse a request for the last rites of the church. So he tells the Father that an American (Ward Bond), who is wanted by the police for a bank robbery, is lying near death in the mountains. Now the priest is an intelligent man. He realizes that the *Mestizo* will probably betray him. Even so, he won't take the one chance in a hundred that would mean letting a man go without the aid and comfort of the church. So he goes.—*RKO*

MAN ABOUT TOWN

The old Chevalier charm comes through on all cylinders in *Man About Town.* From the moment he steps out with his top hat and cane to sing the GI favorite, "Place Pigalle," he once more captivates you with his warmth and humor.

The picture itself is told in French, but don't let that worry you. Chevalier, besides playing the lead, is right there with a running commentary. He twists long French sentences into short American slang phrases, takes a few liberties with the plot and leaves





★ **REMEMBER "I MARRIED AN ANGEL"?** Who could forget! Zorina *danced* like an angel . . . her Pacquins-cherished hands an ode to enchantment! Soft, exquisite hands of cameo perfection. "Any follower of the Ballet knows how eloquent a part the hands play in expressing the mood," declares the fabulous Zorina. "So I must keep my hands *groomed* for their roles. *I* groom them, of course, with Pacquins!"

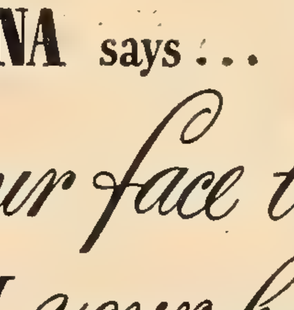
VERA ZORINA says . . .

"You cream your face to loveliness— then CREAM your hands too"

PACQUINS hand cream is preferred by the enchanting Ballerina, Zorina

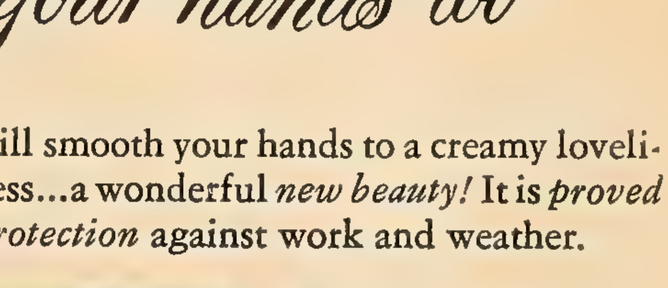
★ And Pacquins is the hand cream preferred by more women than any other hand cream in the world!

But . . . try Pacquins and see for yourself! Try a 12-second massage with snowy-white, quick-vanishing Pacquins tonight . . . and tomorrow morning. You'll be enchanted! Never sticky or greasy, Pacquins will smooth your hands to a creamy loveliness...a wonderful *new beauty!* It is *proved protection* against work and weather.



CATHERINE HART, R. N., says: "Nurses and doctors scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day. It takes a cream like Pacquins to protect *our* hands. And Pacquins was originally formulated for us."

for "dream" hands – cream your hands with *Pacquins* HAND CREAM



Never Sticky or Greasy!

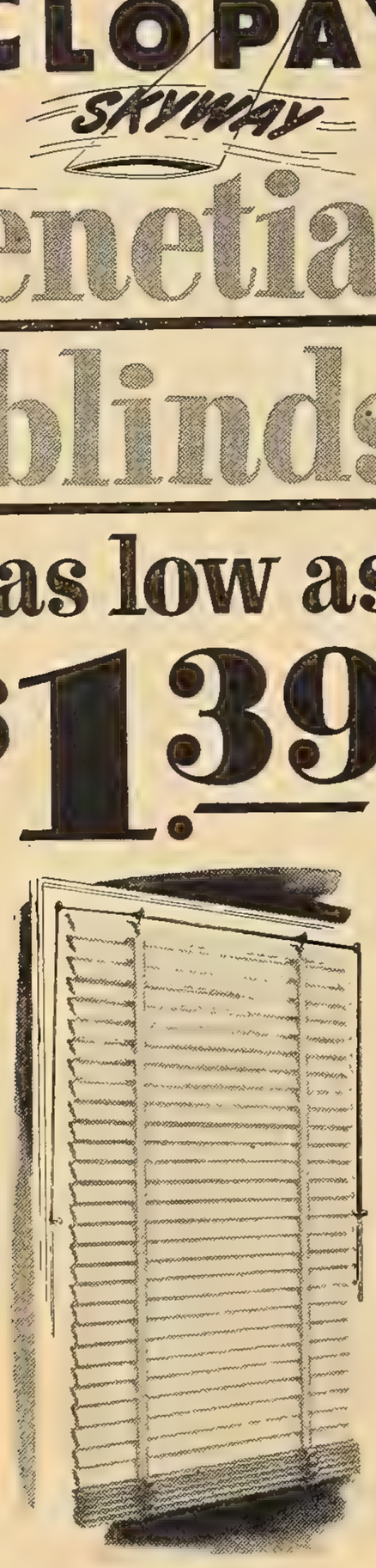
AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE.

NOW!

CLOPAY SKYWAY

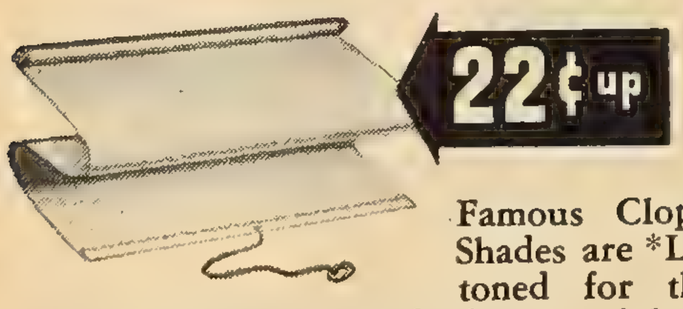
venetian blinds

as low as $1.39



Unbelievable! Amazing! But TRUE! From a few feet away, Clopay Sky-Way Venetian Blinds look like $5 or more—but they cost only $1.39 to $1.98—about 10c a square foot! They're made with a *new kind* of slat—a patented tubular slat that's light, but completely rigid. Clopay Sky-Way Blinds are simple to install; tilt to any position; raise and lower smoothly. See them! Buy them! Now at 5 and 10c Stores, Variety Stores, Department and Other Stores.

CLOPAY Window Shades



Famous Clopay Shades are *Lin-toned for that "linen" look. Won't crack, fray or pinhole. Ready to attach to roller, as low as 22c. Washable oil finish, 39c (on spring rollers, about 20c more).

Some items a few cents higher Denver and west.

Free Booklet: "Beautiful Windows at Low Cost." Write to: Clopay Corp., 1276 Clopay Sq., Cin'ti 14, O.

CLOPAY

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

you completely happy, as you should be.

The story takes place in 1906 in the early days of French motion pictures. Chevalier plays Emile, a more-than-middle-aged film director. As such, and as a perennial man about town, he still meets a great many pretty girls, and Emile is not the man to pass them up.

The leading man he uses in his films, whose name is Jacques (Francois Perrier), doesn't seem to the experienced Emile to know half enough about love. So he gives him a few lessons in the delicate art of picking up pretty girls and showing them his etchings. Then Jacques goes off for a month's military service.

Right then, the heroine of this slight but diverting story appears. She is the daughter of an old flame of Emile's. Now that her mother is dead and her father off on a tour, she has come to Paris.

"Do you know anything *about* Paris?" the astonished Emile inquires.

"Just that it's a good place to be an actress, which is my ambition."

Emile shudders in horror. This lovely young girl (Madeline Marcelle Derrien) must not be exposed to the wolves of Paris.

So he takes the pretty Madeline to live with him, discreetly chaperoned by an old servant. And of course he falls in love with her. It never occurs to him that Jacques will soon return, and begin to apply the principles Emile has taught him!—*RKO*

PIRATES OF MONTEREY

Pirates Of Monterey has beautiful Technicolor, beautiful Maria Montez, and a plot of which I was able to make neither head nor tail. Maybe you'll be luckier. Anyway, it's all about a Spanish Royalist uprising in California. This was 1840 and California was owned by Mexico. Hollywood wasn't even a twinkle in Cecil B. de Mille's eye.

A young American named Kent (Rod Cameron) is on the Mexican side against the Royalists, and is leading a donkey caravan loaded with new guns to Monterey. The trip would have been considerably less eventful if he hadn't encountered a luscious dish in a run-away carriage. The dish, one Margarita (Maria Montez), and her duenna,

FREE SUBSCRIPTIONS!

Here we are again with an offer of 500 free three-months subscriptions to MODERN SCREEN. And the way to get them is as easy as ever, because all we'd like to know is how the stars rate with you. Just answer the questionnaire below. If you're among the first 500 to mail it back to us, you'll get the February, March and April issues free. Simple? You bet!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our January issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

The Little Crib (Teresa Wright) ☐
Double In Hearts (June Haver-Mark Stevens) ☐
A Xmas She'll Never Forget (Ingrid Bergman) ☐
Our Town by Mayor Wm. O'Dwyer ☐
The Winner! (Larry Parks) ☐
Is It True What They Say About Junie? (June Allyson) ☐
If I Were Queen by Dorothy Kilgallen ☐
Modern Screen Goes To Timberline (Bob Hutton-Cleatus Caldwell) ☐
Miss Perfection (Claudette Colbert) ☐
Peace On Earth (Louis Jourdan-Maureen O'Hara-Viveca Lindfors-Ricardo Montalban) ☐
The "Brat" Gets Married! (Jane Withers) ☐
Pomona And The Queen (Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck) ☐
Aloha, Joan! (Joan Crawford) ☐
Philadelphia Idyll (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) ☐
Anniversary Story (Jeanne Crain) ☐
Pardon My French! (Dennis Morgan) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues: List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

.....

My name is

My address is

City Zone State I am years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

stow away on Kent's caravan and when he finds them, Margarita talks him into taking them to Santa Barbara. After all, it's hard to say no to a girl who looks like Margarita.

However, the caravan is ambushed and Kent, disillusioned, decides Margarita is a Royalist spying on him, and that she has caused the ambush. He gets rid of her in a hurry and goes on with his guns to Monterey. And who does he meet at the Governor's Mansion? Margarita, who is, it seems, engaged to an old pal of Kent's—Carlos (Philip Reed).

That night, Margarita drops her handkerchief and Kent finds it. On it is the Royalist crest! That's dandy. Here is a leader in the opposition movement cozily ensconced in the Governor's house, probably sending word to her friends right this minute that the garrison has only a hundred men instead of the five hundred that it needs to defend it.

Carlos is shot and wounded by a prowler around the arsenal. That keeps him in bed for the next few days, which gives Kent and Margarita a chance to find out they are in love. Kent then saddles his horse and rides nobly off into the night. But if you think it ends like that, you're crazy. Why, you haven't even gotten to the pirates of Monterey yet!—*Univ.*

TYCOON

High up in the Andes Mountains there are two struggles going on. One is between man and the forces of nature. The other is between two men—Johnny Munroe (John Wayne), who is digging a tunnel through the mountains, and Frederick Alexander (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), the local tycoon who has given the contract to Johnny.

Alexander expects everyone, including Johnny, to jump when he cracks the whip. But Johnny just isn't the jumping type. He has contracted to finish the tunnel by a certain time for a certain amount of money and has every intention of doing it. Then he finds it impossible, because he can't drill farther through the soft rock without a concrete re-enforcement to protect his men.

"That's *your* problem," Alexander tells him. "I'm not giving you a cent more for this job."

Johnny, of course, is raging. What kind of guy is this, if men's lives mean nothing to him?

Johnny is to learn in an even more personal way just how rock-hearted Alexander can be. Because Johnny falls in love one day—bang! just like that. And the girl is Maura (Laraine Day), Alexander's daughter.

The tycoon promptly forbids her to see Johnny and Maura just promptly starts to meet him secretly. Eventually, they marry, and Maura comes to live at the camp. Pop (James Gleason), Johnny's partner, does his best to keep things going but that camp just isn't a pleasant place to be. The men know they're risking their lives each day, and they know Maura's father is responsible for it. A final rockfall defeats Johnny's plans completely. The tunnel can't go through now in time, no matter what anyone does.

Maura goes home in an effort to help him, an effort which Johnny completely misunderstands. His struggle to save both his marriage and his construction project makes quite a story. There is plenty of excitement in *Tycoon.—RKO*

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

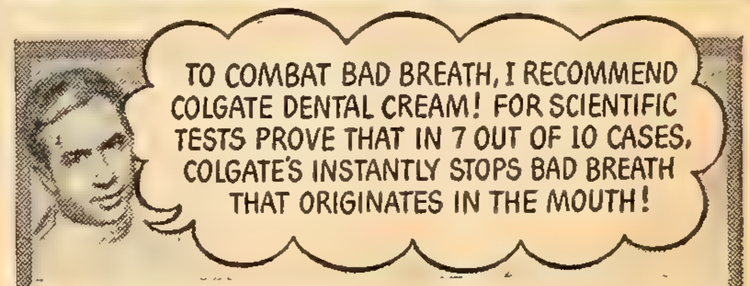
If there had been juke boxes back in 1910 or thereabouts, every tune on them would have been sung by Chauncey Olcott. He was the Dream Man of the Gibson Girl, the Danny Boy of Mother Machree. He was the sentimentalist of the generation, and that's quite an achievement.

Chauncey (Dennis (*Continued on page 81*)



Tycoon: Laraine Day comforts husband J. Wayne, knowing her Dad, the tycoon, is his enemy.





"**Colgate Dental Cream's** active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the *cause* of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and *safely!*"

LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





Always use **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM** *after you eat and before every date*



"She's so-o-o-big," says Mrs. Busch about Mary, born Sept. 12. Teresa's with her constantly, before leaving for London to make *Secrets*.

Teresa entered the nursery with the new baby in her arms, and suddenly, she felt so happy. Because Niven, who'd wanted a boy, had painted the crib—for Mary.

by HOWARD SHARPE



the little crib

■ Mr. Sebastian, owner and proprietor of the Valley-Vue Hardware (Everything For The House and Garden) glanced out the window, and turned with a sigh to his clerk.

"Better get out the samples, Joe. Here she comes again."

As he spoke, the door opened and in came a young woman with the smug smile and clumsy costume that are the symbols everywhere of approaching motherhood.

"Good morning, Mr. Sebastian," she said, or rather sang.

"Good morning, Mrs. Busch." Mr. Sebastian observed the proprieties. He would never think of calling a customer—even a famous film star like Teresa Wright—by anything but her married name. "Joe has the samples ready for you." And he solicitously brought forth a stool.

Teresa waved it away.

"I won't need it," she said. "I've already decided the color I want. It came to me this morning while (*Continued on page 93*)

An open letter
to the motion
picture industry...
by Albert P. Delacorte

for a happier new year...

■ Americans are changing. We are becoming international in our thinking, with the shift most noticeable, perhaps, during the year which has just ended. Even those of us who do not care to dwell on this cannot escape the fact. It is brought right into our homes by many things. By the size and price and availability of the loaf of bread we buy. By every second word of our leaders. Or by every other story in our papers.

We two billion people in this world are discovering that we are closer to each other than we had supposed. We are close enough to have fought a global war. Fortunately, we are also close enough so that we can turn around and *help* each other when help is needed. And we know now that it must come to this . . . or else!

But when? How? For at least one important reason there can be no quick answer. This reason is that we just do not know each other well enough. It takes time to really know your neighbor. It takes time to understand even the person who lives on the other end of town. It takes longer to get to know the fellow who lives at the other end of our country . . . or of our world. We can't, all two billion of us, mingle in one big get-together.

We are strangers. Only the motion picture, throwing a live, human image on the screen, can introduce Americans to other Americans . . . and to the world.

Only the motion picture can touch the hearts of us two billion people. Only the motion picture, speaking the universal language of entertainment, can sell us Americans to the world and the world to us.

Not that all pictures are equally effective. Like anything else, pictures can work for good or for evil. Thank God, therefore, that your industry recognizes its staggering responsibility and its vital role in current history.

Those of us who were watching observed a growing force added to the screen in 1947 . . . a (*Continued on page 83*)



A XMAS SHE'LL NEVER FORGET

"To have you here," the men told Ingrid, "it's like coming home . . ."

by Abigail Putnam

■ Four years ago, Ingrid Bergman spent Christmas in Alaska, and discovered all over again the meaning of the day.

It was her husband's idea that she should go. She'd just finished *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The thought of a USO tour had been long in her mind. But she was no Crosby or Hope or Danny Kaye. What could she do to entertain?

Day after day at the hospital, Dr. Lindstrom's contacts were among the sick. The soldier's problem, he felt, was not too different from the patient's.

"He is lonely, he is far from home. It's enough that someone should walk in from outside and say how are you. Especially now with the holidays coming."

So she talked to David Selznick, to whom she was then under contract. Would he find out whether the USO could send her some place where there hadn't been much entertainment?

Nothing simpler, chortled the USO, hauling out its maps. They'd be enchanted to send Miss Bergman to Alaska, where the boys had seen precious little entertainment. Miss Bergman, they hoped, had nothing (*Continued on page 94*)



The sidewalks of New York, pulsing with the heart-beats of eight million people, housing towers that pierce the sky . . . A fabulous city offers its riches to the movie makers!

Our town

by mayor william o'dwyer

as told to Ed Sullivan

■ I was in a conference at City Hall, when one of my staff came into the room, and whispered in my ear:

"Mr. Mayor, California is on the phone, asking that we do something immediately. Barry Fitzgerald is on Rivington Street, having trouble with the Fire Department."

The conference involved topics of great gravity to the City of New York, but the thought of little Barry Fitzgerald having trouble with the New York Fire Department down on Rivington Street, on our East Side, caused me to grin.

So I took the California call. Mark Hellinger, producer of *Naked City* was on the Coast end. "I'm dreadfully sorry to bother you, Mr. Mayor," apologized Hellinger, "but unless we can get an o.k. from the Fire Department, the time wasted will cost us about $15,000."

Well, we straightened that out quickly for Hellinger, Barry Fitzgerald, Don Taylor and the rest of the company, because, as Mayor, I'm very anxious for Hollywood to realize New York offers advantages in making pictures that can't be matched by any other city. Additionally, when motion pictures whose plots are laid in New York are filmed on the sidewalks of New York, they acquire artistic integrity.

Of course, there are things that occur beyond the official scope of New York (*Continued on page 60*)



For Mark Hellinger's *Naked City,* producer Jules Dassin and cameraman William Daniels set up their camera high atop New York's Williamsburg Bridge.



Old swimmin' hole, Manhattan style. These kids enjoy a cool shower in a sweltering East Side street. Another "on the spot" scene from the picture.



For a sky-line shot, the *Naked City* crew works atop an unfinished building on Park Ave. and 57 St. California can't beat this, say N. Y. officials.



The camera's sharp eye captures two citizens of "Our Town" in the heart of colorful Rivington St. There's actor Don Taylor in the background.



Remember the *Dead End* kids? Here's the real thing! For movie's sake, these boys, swimming in the East River, find body of small-time thief floating by.



Both Mayor O'Dwyer and film critics agree that movies like *Naked City, Kiss of Death,* etc., filmed on actual sites, have "artistic integrity."



the Winner!



Larry and Betty visited Charley Foy's nightly to watch Sammy Wolf impersonate Parks as Jolson. Although not on suspension, Larry's refusing his salary until his dispute with Columbia is settled.

You voted him M. S.'s Man of the Year— but we're not surprised, because Larry Parks has won everything he's gone after, since he was a 9-year-old, yearning over a shiny train in a bright store window.

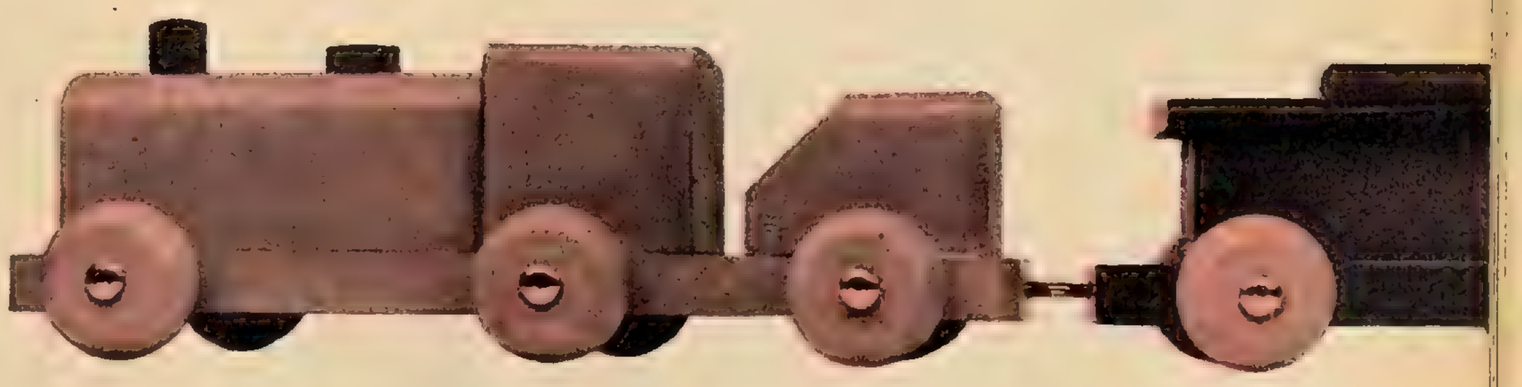
By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ His name was Malicious, and he was only a horse—but what a horse! He'd amble leisurely out the starting gate at Santa Anita, this nag, with the shout, "They're Off!" and rock along most of the race in the ruck, eating dust—until they rounded the turn into the homestretch.

Then came the grandstand roar horse-happy Hollywood still remembers with an affectionate thrill: "Here comes Malicious!"

And on he came, that dependable, dead-game pony, pounding past a flashy field to breeze under the wire at the finish—the winner!

Excuse our comparing Larry Parks, MODERN SCREEN's Man of the Year, with a hustling Hollywood horse of times gone by. By now, Malicious is out nibbling clover in his ripe old age. And Larry Parks—well—Larry has just come from behind to win MODERN SCREEN's famous 1947 star sweepstakes. He's our all-out, all-time Popularity Poll (*Continued on page 76*)



peace on earth...

Good will to men. Once a year we say it, sing it, feel it. A Child born 1,947 years ago left a message to illumine the world. It was very simple. Love one another, He said. By and large, we're making a shabby job of it, as this generation can testify, to its sorrow. We divide the earth into chunks with lines around them, and regard the other fellow suspiciously because his language or color or creed differs from ours. Then comes Christmas to dissolve the lines and create the feeling of brotherhood for a while. Peace on earth, we sing in warring Jerusalem, in hungry Europe, in America—most of us with a deep yearning to make it come true, if only we knew how.

Maybe some day we'll succeed. Meantime Christmas, with its hope and tradition, goes on. Here in Hollywood, Santa Claus Lane is aglow, and the trees on our lawns are strung with colored bulbs. That's our special touch. But Hollywood's also a cross-section of the world. Many who now celebrate here grew up in other lands, bringing along their memories of Christmas at home—memories gay and festive, yet solemn, and touched with nameless beauty.

All over, the spirit is the same, uniting the peoples of the earth. But the customs vary. By courtesy of some of our friends and yours in (*Continued on page 79*)

Customs vary,
but the spirit of
love is the same
the world over. So
stars from other lands bring
you their tales of
Christmases past . . .

By IDA ZEITLIN



MAMA ALWAYS PLAYED PÈRE NOËL . . .



Both avid skiers, Bob and Cleatus hurried into their outfits and headed for the practice slopes. Bob's the expert of the family—did a gelandesprung (opp. page) for the photog.



The Huttons are normally finicky eaters, but the altitude and the exercise did things to their appetites. They tore into the hot platters of food served smorgasbord fashion.



In the evening, music was provided by Eric Lundberg and his accordion. Schottisches, hombos and Swedish waltzes were popular. Here, Bob and Cleatus toss off a neat schottische.

■ For Californians who get tired of changeless skies and pink and blue Christmases, there's a haven in Oregon called Mount Hood. As a matter of fact, you don't have to be a Californian. From all over the country, skiers come to frolic in luxurious surroundings. For Timberline Lodge, on Hood's south slope, is lavish.

It was built by WPA workers during the depression. It's of stone, and timber, and the walls of the first story are heavy native boulders. Inside, there are lounges, lobbys, beamed ceilings, natural wood paneling, hand-made draperies, and an air of carefully planned and expensive quaintness.

Outside, there are mountains, and snow. Four trails start at Timberline; one (West Log) for beginners, two (Alpine and Cascade) for fair skiers, and one (Blossom) for experts. A mile-long chair lift carries you 7,000 feet to Silcox Hut. If you're manly, you can use a good rope tow, instead. Two of these rope tows are available.

Because of so many slopes and elevations and kinds of snow conditions (from the dry powdery stuff up near the top, to the softer sticky snow on the lower levels) Mount Hood's a magnificent testing ground for ski clothes.

The White Stag people, manufacturers of such clothes, have used the mountain for twenty years, putting their various articles through grueling tests, before they market them.

White Stag thought a young Hollywood couple like Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell might enjoy a Timberline vacation, and do some testing for White Stag at the same time. Particularly since the Huttons are both highly enthusiastic skiers.

The Huttons thought so, too, and MODERN SCREEN, which took you to Palm Springs for a season in the sun, followed the Huttons to Timberline to bring you a season in the snow. (*More pictures on next page.*)

modern screen goes to timberline

Off to Timberline Lodge, high in the Oregon hills, went the Bob Huttons. Modern Screen went, too, and brought back ski-full memories of a season in the snow.

By LAUREN TRACY



modern screen goes to

timberline

Hansel, a nine-months-old St. Bernard puppy—140 lbs. without the keg, was their constant companion. Followed them to the ski trail and met them on their return. Cleatus thought the biscuits in Bob's pockets did the trick.







Cleatus (in *Susie Steps Out*) poses with her favorite escort, who's just finished *Wallflower*. Bob likes to act silly, and Cleatus loves it. He wanted to kiss her on skis to test which made his head whirl faster—Cleatus, or the altitude.



Ski clothes were provided by the White Stag Co. Cleatus wore a warm poncho that slipped over her head and belted around the waist—would come in handy on overnight ski trips.





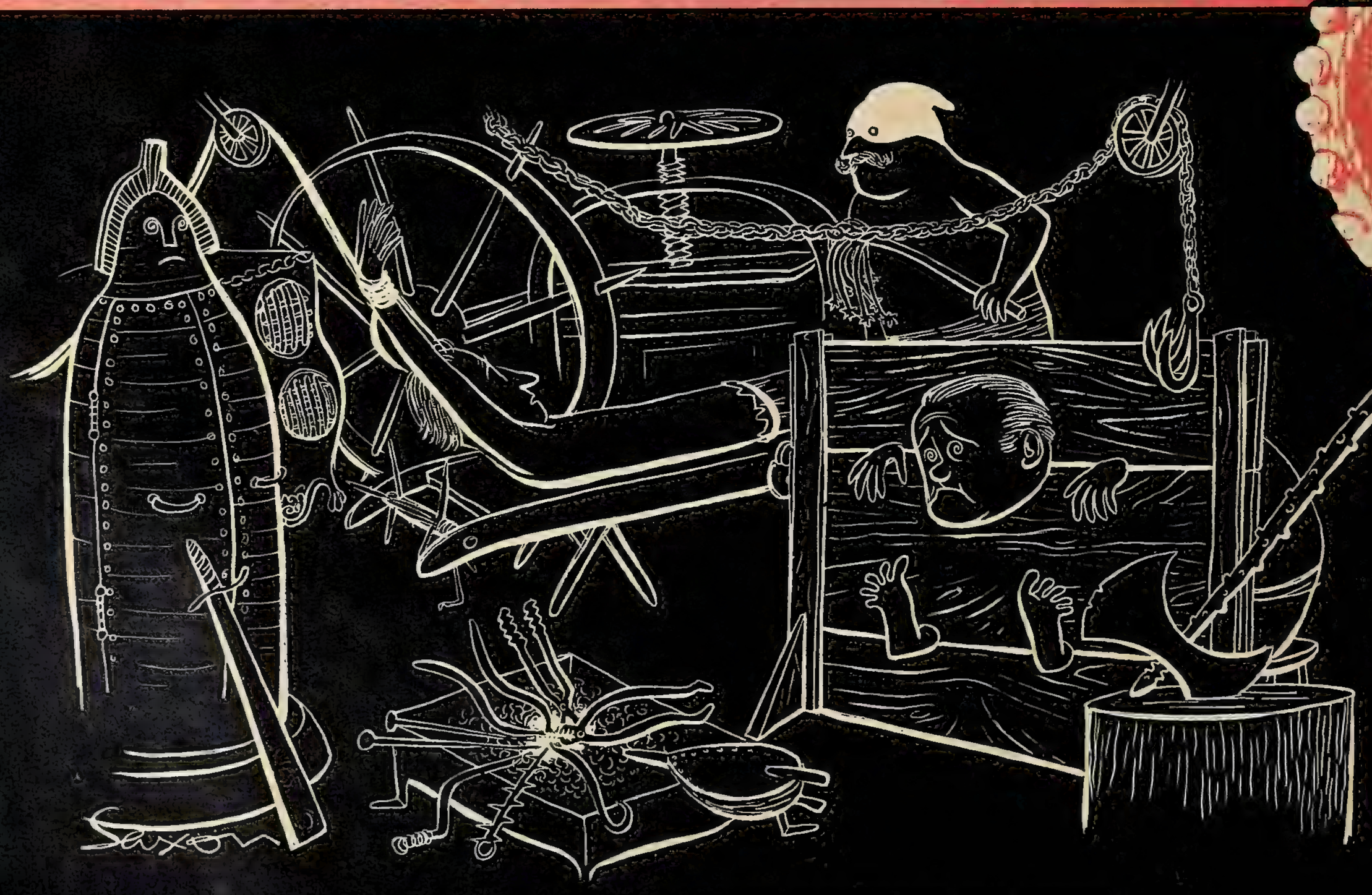
8,500 feet high, with Mt. Jetterson in the background, Bob and Cleatus took time out to breathe. The mountain sun, reflected by the snow, gave Bob a burn. He had to apply tannic acid for relief.



Outside, snowdritts almost buried Timberline Lodge, but the lounging rooms were kept cozy by well-stocked fireplaces. Bob even prepared a hot buttered rum for Cleatus; plunged a searing poker into the mixture.



"A stalk of fresh Iowa corn and a crate of catsup for David Selznick."



"For Abbott and Costello, fifty years in a vaudeville house basement."

by dorothy kilgallen



MERRY QUEEN DOT WOULD BANISH SKELTON TO LOWER SLOBBOVIA, FEED SKINNY STEWART VITAMINS, AND KEEP GREGORY PECK AROUND—JUST TO MAKE THE OTHER GIRLS GREEN WITH ENVY!

If I were queen...

■ Some girls, like Cinderella, spend their happiest hours yearning for a fairy godmother to happen by and furnish them with Special Upholstered Dream Number Seven, complete with beautiful prince. Others more practical like to lie in the sun and ponder the possibility of a wizard godfather—fat and fifty, perhaps, but waving a pen that writes under swimming pools—who some day will appear with an ermine coat and a contract marked "Hollywood Star."

Personally, I combine my romantic bubbles. My secret wish, on rainy afternoons, is to have someone cry, "Abacadabra! Zanuck!" over my everyday rags and turn me into the Queen of Hollywood, equipped with suitable magic powers, for 24 hours.

What fun I would have! What punishments I would level; what rewards bestow!

I can see it now.

Sitting on my golden throne in my air-conditioned, candle-lit marble palace, with Jose Iturbi playing softly on the Steinway in the corner, I would idly review the events of the year, summon culprits and heroes, and with happy high-handedness fix everything around to suit myself.

It would be a busy day. I'd have Don Loper whip up a set of coronation robes for me (they'd have the New Look, no doubt, but I'll bet my bottom sceptre they'd have the same old astronomical price tags) and have James Wong Howe take my portrait in Technicolor, to record the royal flush for a poker-faced posterity. I'd make Jimmy Durante and Bob Hope my court jesters, and instead of Ladies in Waiting, I'd have Gentlemen in Ditto: namely, Gary Cooper, John Garfield, Cary Grant and Gene Kelly.

Then I'd dress Gregory Peck in a silver suit of medieval haberdashery and put him out in the hall just to make the other girls jealous.

I'd never allow Errol Flynn, Lawrence Tierney or Charlie Chaplin to be presented in court. They must all be so bored with that routine by now! But I'd have a choir of platinum trumpets sing out a royal welcome to such bright new Hollywood recruits as Coleen Gray, Richard Basehart, Arthur Kennedy, Geraldine Brooks and (*Continued on page 73*)

Modern Screen had about decided June Allyson was a myth. She seemed too good, too cute, too gay. So we put a reporter and a photographer on the case. "Go tear this story apart," we said. The reporter went and was overpowered by charm. The photographer went, and his evidence is on these pages. Is it true what they say about Junie?

Is it true what they say about Junie?

■ "Lou," they said, "it's like this."

And then they told me what it was like. "There's this June Allyson," they said. "Nice kid. Very upsetting."

I nodded solemnly. I'm not one to get upset about nice kids, but who argues with editors?

"Her sex appeal isn't wrapped like Turner's," they said. "She can't strip your nerves like Davis. Bergman's face is more beautiful. But for four years, we've been polling our readers, and our readers have been yelling 'Allyson'! Howcome?"

"Howcome?" I parroted.

They said that that was what I was supposed to find out. Clinically. They said they had it figured it must be personality. The only thing was, whose?

Did the personality that emerged from the pages of MODERN SCREEN month after month actually belong to June Allyson? Was she truly a creature composed of two-thirds whimsy, and the other third dedicated to the idea that wrinkling one's nose was irresistible?

Or was this personality a hoax, a creation of MODERN SCREEN, destined to wrinkle its nose down the years, while the real Allyson marched off in six other directions, ignoring her fictional alter ego?

A lot of caustic readers had questioned the Allyson of the stories, already. "Nyah," they sneered. "There ain't no Santy Claus. There ain't no fairies. And there ain't any sich a person as (*Continued on page 87*)

by hedda hopper

"The smartest, canniest, smoothest 18-carat acting lady in the business." That's what Hedda calls Colbert—the gal with a king-sized brain, a Midas touch and a knack for calling her own shots!

miss perfection

■ The last time Claudette Colbert saw Paris, she went with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, to visit a world famous French ear, nose and throat specialist. That's Joel's specialty, too, but Joel was shy about his French and Claudette had the translator's job.

Claudette stood by as Joel interviewed the great man. "Attendez," he said at last, disappearing into his office. He returned with a plate bearing a pickled human head, sawed neatly in two to reveal the passages. This he handed to Claudette with a *"S'il vous plait,"* and while he and Joel peered at the grisly object, she translated their medical jabberings as best she could. That is, until she felt her knees begin to sag.

A nurse caught her and the pickled head as both of them started toward the floor.

To my knowledge, that's the only time in her life that Claudette Colbert ever came near losing a head.

I've known her a good twenty years, and I think she is just about the smartest, canniest and smoothest 18-carat acting lady I've seen cross the Hollywood pike.

Claudette knows her own mind better than any star I've ever met. She added herself up long, long ago and came out with the right answers—in every little thing.

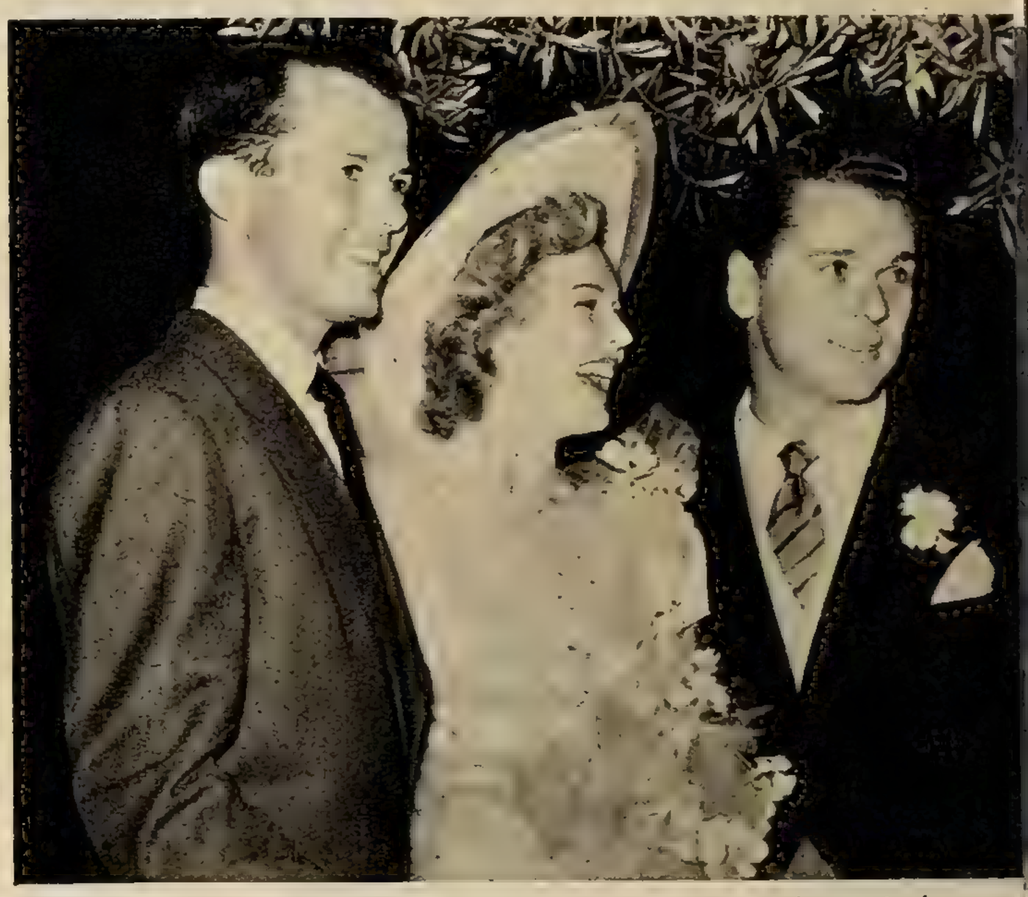
A few years ago, I did a picture with her. Our parts called for swanky get-ups, and one day Claudette and I decided to (*Continued on page 91*)



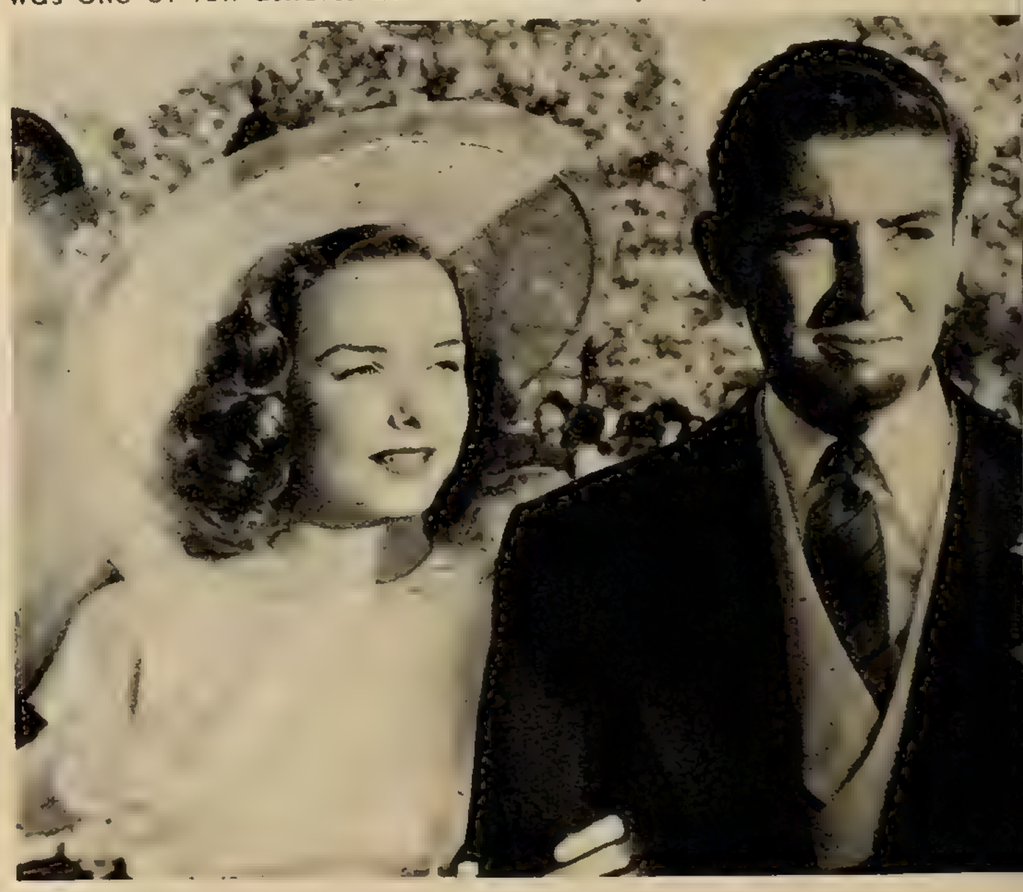




Jane was kept busy attending showers in her honor—all nine of them. Here, it's a linen one at June Haver's house. Audrey Totter supervises cutting of the ice-cream cake.



Bridesmaid June Haver wore pale blue satin and carried a tiny muff of baby orchids. Jane's old friend, Jackie Cooper, was one of ten ushers. Lon McCallister (left) came as guest.



It looked for a while as if Diana Lynn would be ill for the wedding, but she rallied in time and came with her steady, Bob Neal. Afterwards, she almost caught bridal bouquet.



Jane made sure Bill wouldn't forget the ring—went with him to choose it. They kept the destination of their honeymoon secret, said they'd build a house in Westwood later.



They were married on September 20, at the 1st Congregational Church of Los Angeles by Dr. Louis Evans. Jane designed her own eggshell satin gown—had a 4½-yard train.



Setting up house is easy, if you're as popular as Jane. Two rooms of her playhouse held the gifts. Shirley Temple sent a set of little pitchers with half-dollars forming the bases.

They stood
together in the garden
as the night moved
softly through music
and dancing—
Jane and Bill—listening
to the laughter of their guests,
the tinkling glasses,
hearing only the song
in their hearts . . .

By BEVERLY LINET

the "brat" gets married

■ It had always been a pretty church, but today it was so beautiful you caught your breath. If you had any breath, and she didn't have.

She moved slowly down the aisle, leaning against her father, with the organ sounding in her ears, and the smell of flowers almost suffocating, and through a haze, she could see pale, tall candles burning softly.

The rest, it was hard to remember in any sequence. Bill at the altar, the minister speaking, Dennis Day's voice from the choir loft, and finally the music again, the rush from the church . . .

She was twenty-one years old, and this was her wedding day, this September 20th, but if you stopped to think about it, you found yourself not believing. She'd met Bill in 1946, and they'd dated a few times, but what did that prove? You date lots of men, and he dates lots of girls, and when do you know it's love?

He knew first, as a matter of fact. By Christmas, '46, he knew.

"I'm really a wonderful fellow," he told her. "I'm going to produce movies—"

She laughed. "But there's another boy. *He* wants to



One of Jane's best friends, Jeanne H. Schmid, helped pack the trousseau, stayed the night. She was Matron of Honor.



Fittings at Bullock's Wilshire were fun for bridesmaids Tanis Chandler, June Haver and Kathleen and Sheila O'Malley, sisters.

the "brat" gets married

give me an engagement ring—"

"Give you two rings," Bill said. "A rolling Moss gathers some stones—"

Then they got serious. "Give me two weeks," she said. "By then, I'll have it figured out."

The next day, she called him. "I have it figured out already. It's you—"

Over the phone, you could almost see him grin.

He never gave her a conventional engagement ring; he gave her a sapphire heart surrounded by 21 pearls.

In July, they came to New York and cornered the linen market. They bought nearly everything they saw, and then went home to plan the wedding.

The plans almost got away from them. Not that they'd told themselves it was going to be a "quiet, simple ceremony;" they knew too many people who'd be insulted, but somehow they hadn't figured on the huge affair they ended up with.

They'd check, and check again, and still it came out nine bridesmaids. "Nine," Jane gasped. "Bill—*nine!*"

Bill smiled dazedly. "'At's fine, honey. All sweet, pretty girls—"

If you've got nine bridesmaids, you need the rest of the trimmings. So there was a matron of honor, and then Bill's sister to be maid of honor, and of course a best man and a couple of flower girls.

From time to time, Jane and Bill would sigh. "If we get any more attendants, we'll have to find a bigger church. This one only holds twenty-five hundred people!"

There were nine showers for Jane, and she got (*Continued on page 87*)

There were about 800 guests at the reception in Jane's garden. She and Bill were on the receiving line for nearly three hours, but came through smiling. Here, the Stuart Erwins give congrats and advice before signing guest book.





Jane met Bill at the Mocambo where she was celebrating the completion of *Faces in the Fog* with Eric Sinclair. Her marital career comes first now, though. She won't work for several years, then may go into movie production with Bill.

Dennis Morgan felt like an intruder in this land of delicate colors and battered splendor—until he discovered you don't have to know a language to understand people.

by MARY MORRIS

"PARDON MY FRENCH"

■ "Get down the French dictionary," Dennis Morgan shouted, roaring through the front door, on an evening in June, 1947. "If we like this script," he said, tossing a 3-pound document into Lillian's lap, "your stay-at-home husband will travel this summer to Paris, France!"

Secretly, Dennis hoped he'd hate the story. He and Lillian and the three children had been looking forward to a summer of family fun.

But the script, *To The Victor,* turned out to be an exciting story, full of punch (an authentic picture of life in post-war France) and the role "such a departure from my usual assignments" (no singing) that Dennis said yes. Lillian agreed. The following week was spent filling out forms down at Los Angeles City Hall and at the French consulate (*Continued on page 83*)

In a Montmartre curio shop, Dennis bought "câdeaux" (gifts) for his kids. He went daffy over these masks but decided they'd frighten Kristin.





Dennis and Viveca Lindfors, at Croney, France, ride in a typical Normandy cart for a scene from *To The Victor*, story of post-war France.

Dennis chats with a Paris shopkeeper, as Bob Burks (hands raised) lines up his camera and director Delmer Daves (seated) smiles his approval.





To obtain authentic backgrounds, Dennis, Viveca, Burks and Daves were flown to France to photograph scenes on the Normandy beachheads, the surrounding countryside, and Paris. Above, a love scene in the village of Treviers.



Interior shots like this were made on the sound stage at Warners, where Dennis now ranks as top money-maker. According to the Treasury Dept., he paid the highest tax of any star at his studio!

"CHEER UP," THEO SAID, "IT'S YOUR VACATION." AND JOAN SMILED WEAKLY, BECAUSE SHE WAS SEASICK AND LONELY AND ON HER WAY TO HONOLULU, WHILE THE KIDS WERE WAITING AT HOME . . .

By Leslie Towners

■ It was something to sustain her through the long, involved production of *Daisy Kenyon*. Whenever the lights seemed too hot, or her temper too uncertain, she could think of it. Hawaii. Long, cool nights, and palm trees, and stars. Long, golden days, and clean sand, and water stretching to the other end of the world.

Then, in the middle of packing, she weakened. "I don't know, Theo—" Theo Larsen, her friend and secretary, slammed the catch shut on a small suitcase, and turned to glare. "You may not know, but I do. You're worn out, and you're going."

"Three weeks," Joan said miserably. "And the kids not coming."

The kids, Christopher and Christina, had already ensconced themselves in the car, and were waiting for their mother, their mother's luggage, and the chance to drive to the dock and see the Matsonia.

The Matsonia, a troop transport during the war, is now converted into a glamor boat, and it's the only luxury ship which makes the trip to Honolulu.

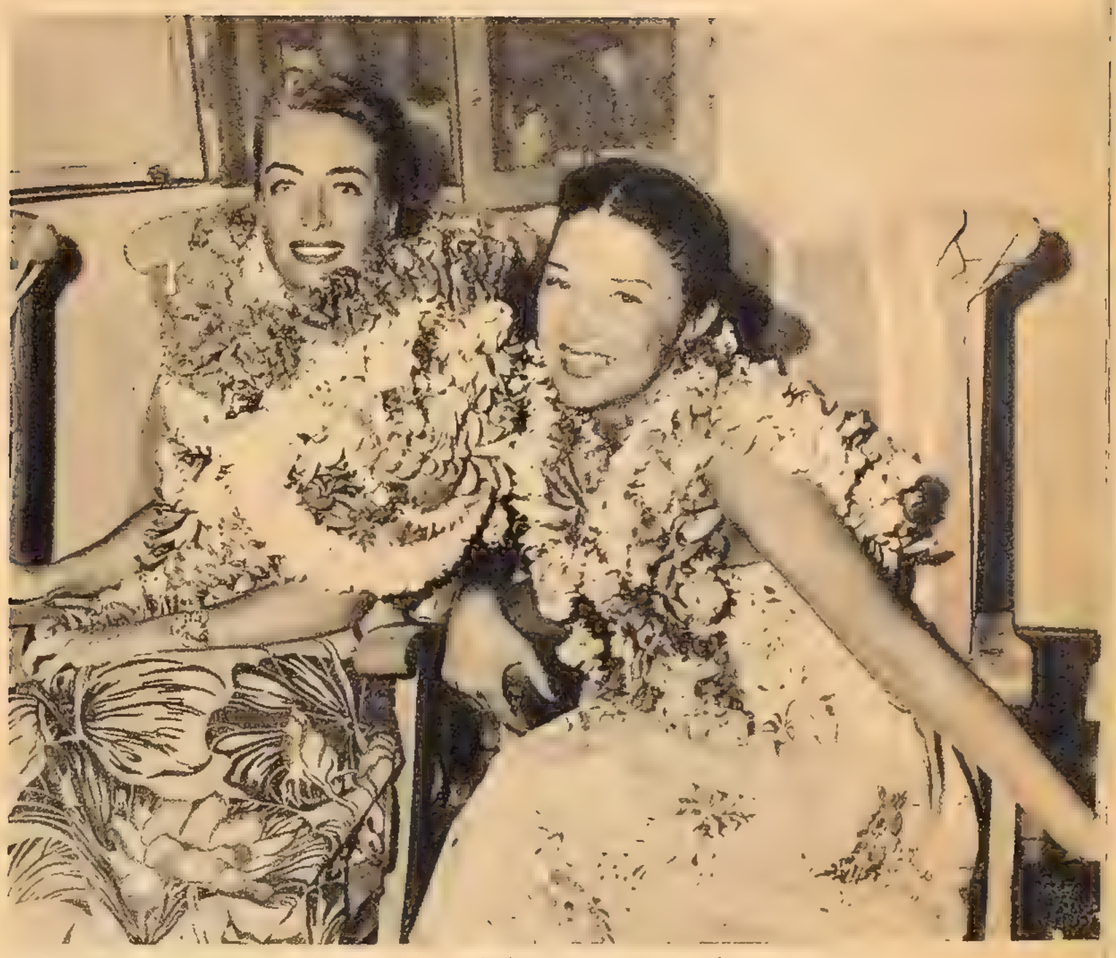
It im- (*Continued on page 89*)



Aloha, Joan!



After completing *Daisy Kenyon*, Joan sailed on the Matsonia for a Honolulu vacation. Christina and Christopher came to her stateroom to say goodbye—but lonely Joan returned two days later on same boat!



When they arrived in Honolulu, Joan and secretary Theo Larsen were welcomed by the Mayor and 15,000 others. Hawaiians decked them with traditional leis.



Wherever she went, Joan was followed by fans—even when she dipped in the surf at Waikiki Beach. She stayed at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and was entertained by a hula troupe and the Royal Hawaiian Serenaders.



It was to have been a rest, but Joan brought along 30 scripts, 12 books and 100 balls of knitting wool—also found time for some tennis and fun in an outrigger canoe.

"George Washington sat here,"
Roy Rogers said, as they sank into the pew.
And Dale Evans smiled, thinking
she would never forget Philadelphia, or
this very breathless moment—this moment
when her feet stopped hurting.

philadelphia idyll





On Chestnut St., Roy and Dale visited the most historic spot in America—Independence Hall. The table on which the Declaration was signed is exhibited with a group of portraits and relics. Here, they look up into the Liberty Bell.



Next stop was The Betsy Ross House. Flag is a replica of the original Old Glory supposed to have been made by Betsy in 1777. A visit to the oldest zoo in America followed (below). Zoo has over 2,000 birds, reptiles and mammals.



■ "I will not be in Westerns," she had said with simple dignity.

She figured they'd listen closely. Republic had signed her for high-budget musicals, and she was planning to do wonders for them.

They listened closely all right, and then they put her in Westerns, and she said nothing further. You can talk big, but you have to know when to stop, and her job was important to her.

She came from Texas, but she couldn't ride, at the time. That's one thing Westerns have done for her. She's made twenty-four Roy Rogers pictures, and now she rides like Paul Revere.

Dale was the only female in the Rogers troupe—you know the set-up: Roy, the Sons of the Pioneers, Gabby Hayes. She also had a face that started strangers spilling their tales of woe to her. She became everybody's confidante.

The troupe could be on location, and there could be a perfectly adequate seamstress along, but if one of the guys needed a snap in his shirt, he'd get Dale to sew it on.

It was the beginning of a lot of friendships. Dale got to know the wives of all the boys; if a birthday or anniversary was coming up, she'd help with shopping. Roy's kids were crazy about her; she was adopted aunt to twenty children.

When Roy's wife died, last November, Dale was one of the people who stood by, took the two older children, Cheryl and Linda, off his hands some Saturday afternoons, was a quiet, understanding companion on the set.

He was grateful, and the friendship deepened.

This year, they've had some nice times together. Recently, Roy had his own rodeo on tour, and the first city they played was Philadelphia.

Dale was excited about the prospect. "I've never been there," she said. "There's so much to see—"

There was so much to see, and no time to see it in.

There were performances, and autograph fans, and more performances.

"I'll show you the city," Roy kept saying, and then, miraculously, a free day came along, and they decided that this was it. (*Continued on following page*)



By the time they'd finished their tour, Dale's feet were crying for help, but she considered the agony worthwhile. Here, Dale and Roy pause before the Washington Monument, near the Philadelphia Free Library.



It was reported by Louella Parsons last Oct. 19, that Roy and Dale would wed on Jan. 1. Meanwhile, they enjoy each other's company over ice-cream, beside the Delaware River Bridge.

philadelphia idyll



All the kids come down from the upper seats and crowd the wire fence when their idol comes slowly around the arena on Trigger. Roy has three kids of his own—has bought 342 acres atop a mountain so they can grow up in the open spaces.



Roy was the first cowboy to use a plastic saddle. Here, he shows a custom-made one of red, white and blue to Tim Spencer and others of the Sons of the Pioneers. His new interest is the raising of palomino ponies—has 28 brood mares.

At the hotel where the troupe was staying, Roy advised Dale to eat a good breakfast, and then they embarked on a tour, with juvenile screechers following them from museums to bridges to statues.

Occasionally, Dale would make small noises about "My feet."

"You asked for it," Roy teased.

Toward the end of the afternoon, they came to Christ Church, and they went in and sat down in the pew where George Washington had always sat, and gazed around them.

The church was cool; it was good not to talk, and when they came out again, all the children seemed to have disappeared, and even their tiredness was rather pleasant.

"I could sleep for a week," Dale said.

"Till tomorrow!" said her boss. "The show goes on!"

And they both laughed, walking through the dusk to the hotel.



Sally Hockett (right) and her friends from Wilmington, Delaware, came all the way to Philly to see the rodeo, and get permission to start a Roy Rogers Fan Club of their own.



The cowgirl skirts are longer, too, and Roy doesn't seem very happy about it as he measures the change. It's a woman's world, after all, Dale admits. She's just finished *The Trespasser*. Roy's latest is *The Gay Ranchero*.



Lots of things happened to Jeanne Crain in 1947. First, almost 8 lbs. of red-haired Jr., a new home, and work on *Chicken Every Sunday* with Dan Dailey (below). Off-screen, husband Paul (opp. page) carves the bird.

It was twelve o'clock

and everywhere

the New Year's bells

were ringing,

but for Jeanne and Paul

there was no end

and no beginning—

only this wonderful now,

when time

stood still . . .

Anniversary story

by jeanne crain



■ I was dancing the rhumba with my husband, Paul, last New Year's Eve when the lights went out.

The orchestra broke into "Auld Lang Syne" and the room broke into New Year's din. "Come on," said Paul. I took his hand and we slipped outside, closing the noise behind us. We wanted to be alone, because that New Year's Eve meant more to us than just 1946 going out and 1947 coming in. It was our first wedding anniversary. The first wonderful year of our married life was over, the second just beginning.

On the terrace by ourselves, we watched the city lights twinkle, heard the whistles hoot in the distance, the far-away pops of pistols and firecrackers.

There wasn't much moon, but moon enough, and time was standing still for us. Through the dark, I could see Paul's white smile.

"Happy New Year," he said.

And I said, "Let it be another wonderful year, just like the last one!"

If I sound slightly sentimental about New Year's (*Continued on page 89*)





"Praise-agent," Barbara and Bob scoff at Helen Ferguson when she gets enthusiastic about her two famous clients. They're really shy, says Helen.

Pomona and the Queen

BY HELEN FERGUSON

■ "Hey, you!" the usher barked. "Where d'ya think you're goin'?"

I was slipping into an empty seat beside Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck in a Broadway theater, when a hand roughly grabbed my arm and turned me around.

We hadn't been able to get these seats together, for the play. But during intermission, Bob had said the one next to them was empty. "Sit here with us, Helen," he suggested. And that's what I was starting to do.

"Lemme see ya stubs, lemme see ya stubs!" As I fumbled in my purse quite automatically, I felt hackles rise all

THE TAYLORS' "PRAISE-AGENT" TELLS ALL! HOW BARBARA ADMITS TO 40, WON'T DYE HER GRAYING HAIRS, AND SHRUGS OFF HER GOOD DEEDS, CLAIMING "I'M JUST BRIBING MY WAY PAST ST. PETER."



Bob, who'll be in *High Wall* next, was surprised when newspapers quoted his testimony before Un-American Activities Comm., wished he'd said more!



The Taylors (dining above, with friend Robert Short, at the Crillon) have bought land in Bucks County, Pa., and started proceedings to adopt twins. On the *B. F.'s Daughter* set, Babs has the reputation of always being punctual, letter-perfect in her lines.

around me. Bob was up first, his chin out, his shoulders back. "What's it to you, bud?" he gritted. I heard another seat slam back. That was Barbara coming up just as mad. Bob backing me up, Barbara backing him up.

The usher retreated. "Sorry, Mister Taylor. I thought it was maybe a fan botherin' ya."

"No fan," Bob snapped, "and anyway, I like fans, see? And we can take care of ourselves with fans or anybody else."

"Right," seconded Barbara, right out loud.

I laughed. I was there, in my capacity as a publicist, to "protect" Bob and Barbara—and here they were protecting me! I'd come to New York and got them involved in a schedule of Manhattan interviews and press appointments when they returned from their European trip last spring, but, as usual with the Taylors, it was hard to tell just who was handling whom. Bob had rustled the theater tickets, filled my room with flowers, grabbed the dinner checks. He'd even given me an osteopathic treatment one hot day when I'd collapsed in their suite!

I should have known what to expect after eight years. It's impossible to regard "The Queen," as she's most frequently called, and "Pomona," as she calls him, only as clients. Not since a couple of days I'll always remember.

I'd been handling Barbara's publicity for about three years. Neither Bob nor Barbara is demonstrative on easy acquaintance; our relationship all that time was strictly business.

One day we were shooting a home layout, and while Barbara was busy making up in her dressing-room, I chatted with her maid and hair-dresser about my recent trip to the East. Just making conversation, I happened to mention an (*Continued on page 61*)



Dentyne—*part of the fun of going places...*



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And Dentyne's special plus is its pleasantly firm chewiness that helps keep teeth sparkling white!

Chew Dentyne and smile. Try the other Adams quality gums too—they're all delightful. Always—

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Reg. Trade Marks

OUR TOWN

(*Continued from page 29*)

City. For *Naked City,* Producer Hellinger shot one scene in the Park Avenue apartment of restauranteur Toots Shor. One of the grips, forgetting that he wasn't in the Universal Studio, drove a nail into the living-room wall. To smooth the natural reaction of Mrs. Shor, I understand that Hellinger had to buy a painting to cover up the havoc caused by the nail!

We have gone all out in New York to cooperate with Hollywood, and bring a greater percentage of motion picture business to this city. In the first place, labor relations in New York's motion picture area are not subject to jurisdictional dispute. All affected labor unions have agreed to refrain from such disputes for the next five years, and to permit the Mayor to arbitrate, with his decision binding.

Judge Edward C. Maguire, my Director of the Division of Labor Relations, has done a magnificent job of streamlining city rules in order to help Hollywood units. He and the Corporation Counsel's office have done this without sacrificing the safety or welfare of the 7,800,000 residents of our city. It wasn't an easy task.

For a deeper appreciation of the job which had to be done, let me point out how many city departments were involved. There was the Mayor's office, the five offices of Borough Presidents, the Police Department, the Fire Department, the Department of Parks, Department of Marine and Aviation, the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, the Department of Housing and Buildings, the Department of Public Works, the Port of New York Authority and even the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This last organization has an active interest if a child under 16 years of age is engaged to make a picture, but in the case of Margaret O'Brien, I can assure you she'd have the written consent of the Mayor! I'm one of her fans.

Last winter, to illustrate the complexities which had to be cleared away, the *Portrait of Jenny* company secured a Dept. of Parks permit to shoot an ice-skating scene on a Central Park lake. When the company arrived at the lake, a thaw had

MODERN SCREEN



"I told you to bring her right back!"

set in. No ice. So the director decided he'd take another scene which had to be shot on the Park Mall. Only for that, he needed another permit. Several hours and much money were wasted, pending the trip downtown and the issuance of the second permit. This no longer can happen, thanks to Judge Maguire.

New York is a city of enormous vehicle and pedestrian traffic. To shut off a street, or part of a street, is an involved operation. You just can't set up cameras and tell your actors to start emoting. The Police Department and its Traffic Bureau have licked this problem.

Once the Hollywood companies become more aware of our problems, and eliminate last-minute planning, they will find their pilgrimage to our city easy and satisfactory.

Furthermore, private investors in New York are prepared to construct motion picture studios which might be rented by movie companies.

In other words, Hollywood need not make any capital investments in New York City! I know of no fairer proposition than that.

Henry Hathaway, one of the fine directors, who has filmed such pictures in New York as *Kiss of Death,* and *The House on 92nd Street,* is enthusiastic about the city's advantages. Its skyline, its skyscrapers, its great bridges, the exciting panorama of Broadway—and also a vast, untapped reservoir of acting talent. Mr. Hathaway says that no other city in the world can offer so much to Hollywood.

New York offers something else, too, it seems to me.

The staccato pace of Manhattan is a blood tonic and a nerve tonic to any artist, a challenge to his creative ability. Some performers who have never given great performances in the studios of Hollywood have risen to artistic heights in this exciting, cosmopolitan setting.

As Mayor of the City of New York, I say to Hollywood: "Come east; come to New York—where a hearty welcome awaits you."

POMONA AND THE QUEEN

(*Continued from page 59*)

amethyst ring I'd seen in New York and had wanted to buy. I had no idea that Barbara could hear me. I forgot all about it.

Shortly after, I flew again to New York. A cryptic wire awaited me at The Essex House. "If the man from Trabert and Hoeffer's comes to see you," it read, "don't throw him out. Barbara." I was puzzled —until the man from that jewelry shop did come, and with him a 44-carat amethyst ring, the most beautiful I'd ever seen!

That was a pretty dizzy day for me. You see, it wasn't only the exquisite gift that threw me—I knew Barbara's generous habit of presenting golden gifts to those within her small circle of close friends, and my ring meant admission to that circle! I was proud to bursting!

The other day I won't ever forget was the one before Bob left for Corpus Christi for boot camp. Every photographer in town was at the house to get the only pictures Bob and Barbara had made together since their marriage. When the last one had gone, and Barbara went upstairs, I said goodbye to Bob. "God goes with you," I finished, and we shook hands, hard.

"You take care of the Queen," he said, unsmilingly. I knew I'd been given a trust, and I knew I'd been admitted to Bob's close circle, too.

for a Velvet Blend in Candy use Carnation



HERE'S fudge so delicately smooth and creamy that it simply *melts* away! Carnation *Velvet* Fudge . . . made with a milk that's heat-refined and homogenized to *super*smoothness for the same *velvet blend* in candy that it brings to *all* milk-rich dishes. Definitely . . . the fudge recipe you've always dreamed of finding!

CARNATION VELVET FUDGE . . . WITH VARIATIONS

3 cups sugar
2 tablespoons corn syrup
3 1-oz. squares bitter chocolate, shaved
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup Carnation Milk, undiluted
3 tablespoons butter
1 cup nutmeats, chopped

Mix all ingredients except butter and nuts. Boil until syrup reaches 238° F. or until a soft ball is formed when a small amount is dropped in cold water. Remove from heat, add butter. Cool until lukewarm. Beat until creamy, add nuts, and pour into buttered pan. Cut into squares.

Velvet Kisses—Instead of pouring into pan, drop from teaspoon onto waxed paper to form kisses.

Velvet Nuggets—Continue beating till fudge loses its gloss. Mold into small balls and roll in natural or tinted coconut.

Velvet Roll—Continue beating till fudge loses its gloss. Form into a long roll. Roll in chopped tinted nutmeats. Wrap in waxed paper and chill. Cut in thin slices to serve.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book" of exciting new recipes—to Carnation Company, Dept. X-1, Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin.

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It's not easy to write what I feel about Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck. They are allergic to praise. They usually muffle me with a wisecrack—and both are trigger-quick in that department.

One summer Sunday just after they were married, I got a request for Barbara to do a free broadcast for The Children's Society. Barbara's evenings and Sundays are reserved for Bob, but I knew how she loved kids, so I called her. "Sure," she answered. The day turned out to be a scorcher—hottest of the year. But Miss S. drove all the way from the Northridge ranch to Los Angeles and, after one run-through rehearsal, went on the air and put her audience in tears. Afterwards, I ventured, "You are really wonderful, Barbara, to do this." She gave me an oblique look.

"Wonderful, hell," she grinned, "I'm just bribing my way past St. Peter!"

Bob and Barbara are both really shy. Each has a distracting habit of scuttling off when you aim a camera at the other. They never take it for granted that you want them both in publicity pictures. Bob and Barbara figure their acting careers as separate deals entirely.

I was put straight early in our association when I called the house. I recognized Bob's voice when the phone was answered. "Is Mrs. Taylor in?" I asked. "*Miss Stanwyck* is in the shower," he said. "This is Bob Taylor. May I help you?"

I never forgot it.

on with the show . . .

Barbara, of course, came to Hollywood from "show business." She lives by its creed: the show must go on.

In one of the first pictures she ever made in Hollywood, she and her leading man had to ride horseback. The man drew too fiery a nag and refused to risk it. "We'll switch," offered Barbara, "I'll ride him." She did, and was thrown and trampled upon. She got up, insisted upon remounting and finishing the day's work. She worked all that day on pure guts. When the whistle blew, she collapsed. The doctors couldn't believe she'd been able to walk after that fall. "I had to," she said simply, "I was too scared to give up."

The only time Barbara ever actually held up a production was on *The Other Love*. She had a beaut of a cold, and an outdoor swimming scene. November can be nippy in Hollywood. She swam all day, stayed wet. She had fever and flu that night and it was ten days before she could wobble again. She went to work and insisted she was okay. But it took three months to shake a nasty cough. But do I mention it? I do not. "Lay off my aches and pains," warns Barbara.

Barbara and Bob would both shrivel me in scorn if I tried to gild the basic facts of their lives. Barbara's forty. She's always cracking about it. She has no terror of the several silver threads which have multiplied in her dark red hair. One day at a party, a certain sharp-tongued lady spied them and cooed, "I think your new blonde hair's so attractive, Barbara."

"Blonde, my eye!" snorted Miss Stanwyck. "That's gray." She asked Bob pronto, "Does it bother you?"

"Hell, no," he came back. "I love it."

"Then that's how it stays," she said. And that's how it is.

My favorite example of the Queen's back-of-me-hand approach to vanity took place when she made *Remember The Night* with Director Mitchell Leisen. Mitch is meticulous about feminine glamor and in one scene Barbara wore a very chic hat. Before she stepped into the scene, the wardrobe girl brought the chapeau over and put it on her head. Stany strode straight to her place before the camera. "Okay," she said, "let's get started."

"My God, Barbara!" gasped Mitch, "aren't you going to look at yourself in a mirror?"

"What for?" asked Stanwyck. "The front's in front and the back's in back. What else can you manage to do with a hat?"

Barbara's just as frank and unpretentious about any less opulent chapter of her own life. In London, she had her first personal ovation. British lords and ladies, government dignitaries and titled bigwigs saluted her at the world première of *The Other Love*.

I said, "Weren't you thrilled? Wasn't it exciting?" Her eyes grew large, remembering. "I looked over that audience," she said, "and all I could think of was, 'Well, kid, you've certainly come a hell-uva long way from Brooklyn!' "

Barbara was Ruby Stevens, a Brooklyn girl who rose from poverty to make a name for herself. She's proud of it. She met and bruised against a hostile world plenty, but she fought her way up—telephone operator, salesgirl, chorus girl—to earn recognition.

She hasn't forgotten. She doesn't intend to forget.

One day I noticed a new painting hanging in Barbara's bedroom. It was a semi-nude by Paul Clemens, a girl slumped in a chair, her feet resting wearily on another chair, her arms hanging heavily at her sides. A dancer in her dressing-room after an exhausting performance. "Nice," I said. "How did you happen to buy it?"

"Because," said the Queen simply, "my feet have ached that much!"

Because she knows what it's like to have-not, Barbara's heart has a habit of melting like butter. She packed eight pairs of shoes (*Continued on page 71*)

Marie McDonald . . .

M-G-M star now playing the romantic lead opposite Gene Kelly in *Living in a Big Way*. It's her first starring role and Marie dances with Gene in it—who could ask for anything more!

Marie came to New York for her honeymoon and was sweet enough to take time out to pose for us. Wasn't that the nicest thing! She's so-oo in love . . . and all we can say is that we think her husband is an awfully lucky guy! Marie was so pleased at the way she looked in this dress that she ordered it for her own wardrobe.

THE DRESS is made of elegant rayon faille. That's why it falls into those nice graceful folds. The bodice is strapless and that petal-shaped neckline is unbelievably flattering. The skirt is *yards* and *yards* wide—and the shirred lampshade effect makes it look even wider. It couldn't be more romantic looking—and you couldn't feel prettier wearing it.

It comes in other colors just as heavenly as the green we photographed: rose, gold, black, American beauty, and two shades of blue. Sizes 9 to 15 and 10 to 16.

By Kalman-Herbert — About $25

To find out where to buy this dress turn to page 71.

modern screen

fashions





what are you
doing New Year's Eve?

Be the belle of the ball
in this elegant gown. Show off
just enough of you in a
sweetheart neckline and cap sleeves.
Whirl while you waltz in an ex-
travagantly full pannier skirt. Made of
Celanese rayon moire. Royal,
green, topaz, blue, peacock.
Sizes 9-15, 10-16.
By David Klein.....$25.
For where to buy
see page 71.

by Connie Bartel



Going Formal?

When the stag line asks
"Who's the girl in the plaid
dress?"—be sure it's you.
Strapless to show your pretty
shoulders—bustled to give
you an impudent look.
Rayon taffeta in multicolored plaid.
Sizes 9 to 15.
By Bon Ray.....About $30.
For where to buy see page 71.





what are you doing Christmas Eve?

Look as beautiful as the wrappings on his package when you thank him for his gift. This divine dress is made of the two most out-of-this-world fabrics— brocade top, velvet skirt. Cap sleeves and velvet edged double peplum. Two-piece. Black skirt with white, pink or blue brocade top. Sizes 9-15. Claudia Young Original . . . $19.95. For where to buy see page 71.





Dating your favorite man?

Look like the angel at the top of the tree in your off-shoulder dress. That oh-so-feminine boat-shaped neckline is velvet trimmed. Full princess skirt for sheer flattery to *any* figure. Black rayon faille. Sizes 9-15, 10-16. By Marie Phillips . . . $14.95.

For where to buy see page 71.



Going to a Party?

Be the center of attraction in this two-piece party dress. See the three rows of brass buttons? Well, they also light up the BACK of that flirty peplum, so you'll shine from every angle! Short sleeves. Tiny round collar. Cut-away peplum. Rayon bengaline. Black and navy. Sizes 7-15.

By Doris Dodson . . . $10.95.

For where to buy see page 71.



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LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

We're writing this from the de-luxe cabin of a chartered Matson DC-4 Skymaster—high above the Atlantic. We've just left Paris, we're homeward bound from the most spectacular fashion trip we've ever been on—and we're still whirling!

Our hosts are The Manufacturers and Wholesalers Association of San Francisco, who flew two planes of models, designers, fashion writers and a huge collection of wonderful San Francisco clothes to France—to put on the best-attended fashion show Paris has ever seen.

Where shall we begin? The cocktail party Schiaparelli threw for us? The dinner given by French government officials? The day we lunched at Maxim's—and so did the Duchess of Windsor? Help! We'd need a book, telephone size, to describe to you the elegance, swank and general luxury of the trip. The fact that the San Francisco association had a plane full of fresh flowers flown over for the fashion show will just give you a *hint*.

However, there's one thing we've just *got* to get in—and that is, be glad you're an American girl! You ought to see your French sisters. Pretty, alert, full of that certain something—but with nothing to wear! The French girl dresses in clumsy ill-fitting shoes, poorly made jackets and skirts and whatever other scraps she can get together. She just can't *get* decent clothes at working girl prices. There aren't any.

Sure—Christian Dior and the rest of the famous French designers make beautiful clothes to order . . . and they're all yours, if you have $400 and up to spend. But the average French girl—who hasn't $400? Can she walk into a store, as we can, and find a smart dress that fits—at a working girl's price? Never! That's why the San Francisco clothes amazed Paris. The French had never seen clothes which looked so smart—were so well made—of such good fabrics—at prices beginning at $15. They couldn't believe that an average working girl anywhere in the U. S. could buy such clothes—right out of her salary check.

But the French know now. And of course you and I have always known.
Cheering for American fashion,

Connie Bartel

Make a note to get these



The two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks. They make this silverplate stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.)



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Campus Queen

. . . from your tiny white bengaline collar to the tip of your gracefully flared trouser-pleated skirt! Heavy gilt buttons trail off-side and the wide belt sports a real-looking "watch chain." Rayon serge flannel. Blush rose, powder blue, aqua.
Teen 10, 12, 14, 16. Only $5.95



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Decorating the tree?

Twinkle as brightly as the ornaments on the tree in this Gibson Girl dress. Multicolored plaid taffeta bodice has the most voluminous sleeves in town. Sparkling jewel-tone buttons add color. Black Labtex crepe skirt has a deep midriff to minimize waist. Teen Sizes 8-16. Teentimer OHriginal $10.95. For where to buy see page 71.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country)

Kalman-Herbert rayon faille strapless evening gown worn by Marie McDonald in the full color photograph (Page 63)

Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co., Budget Shop, Third Floor
Cincinnati, Ohio—The John Shillito Co.
Dallas, Texas—Neiman-Marcus
New York, N. Y.—Lord & Taylor
Salt Lake City, Utah—Auerbach's, Better Dresses, Second Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Collegienne Shop, Third Floor
Tulsa, Okla.—Seidenbach's

David Klein Celanese rayon moire sweetheart neckline evening gown (Page 64)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. Stearns Co., Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins
Philadelphia, Pa.—Dewees, Cosmopolitan Court, Fourth Floor

Bon Ray rayon taffeta off-shoulder, ballet length evening gown (page 65)

Boston, Mass.—C. Crawford Hollidge Ltd., Junior Miss Dept., Fourth Floor
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's

Claudia Young Original two-piece brocade and velvet dress (Page 66)

New York, N. Y.—Hearn's Little Figure Shop, Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh's.

Marie Phillips rayon faille off-shoulder, princess style dress (Page 67)

Chicago, Ill.—Wieboldt's, Dress Dept., Second Floor
Evanston, Ill.—Wieboldt's, Dress Dept. Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, Inexpensive Dresses, Fifth Floor
Oak Park, Ill.—Wieboldt's, Dress Dept., Second Floor

Doris Dodson two-piece rayon bengaline peplum dress with brass buttons (Page 68)

Atlanta, Ga.—J. P. Allen & Co., Junior Shopp, Second Floor
Chicago, Ill.—Mandel Brothers, Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim Collins, Half Pint Shop, Second Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Doris Dodson Dept., Second Floor
Washington, D. C.—Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., Economy Juniors, Fourth Floor

Teentimer OHriginal taffeta and crepe Gibson Girl dress (Page 70)

Mankato, Minn.—George E. Brett Co., Teen Age Shop, Second Floor
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbels, Hi School Sub Deb Dept., Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, Hi School Shop, Fifth Floor
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels, Hi School Shop, Fourth Floor

If no store in your city is listed write: Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

(*Continued from page 62*) in her bags for wear in Europe; she came back with one, scuffed and beaten. She'd given the rest away the first week in England.

Barbara never tries to duck a "knew-her-when" moment. The honor she's probably most sentimental about is a bronze plaque with her name on it in Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. Erasmus was Ruby Stevens' idea of heaven at one stage in her struggling girlhood. She never got there; she had to go to work after the eighth grade. But even though it's an error, she's still proud of it. For years she explained carefully that she did not rate it. The name remained. So she relaxed, and enjoys the irony of that plaque, which lists the names of famous Erasmus graduates.

The only person I ever saw Barbara embrace in public was a waiter at the Stork Club. Reason: he was an old pal and benefactor. The Queen is reticent, as I said. When I met Barbara and Bob in New York after their European jaunt, we took in the Stork one night. The first thing Barbara said when we walked in was, "Where's Spooner?"

I knew about Jack Spooner. He used to be the head-waiter at Billy LaHiff's Tavern. When Ruby Stevens, and Mae Clarke and Wanda Mansfield, were struggling, often-out-of-jobs chorus girls tackling the Big Street, they got meals on the cuff at Billy LaHiff's. Now, Spooner worked at the Stork. And in he came, grinning from ear to ear.

Barbara leaned far across our table, threw her arms around him and planted a big kiss.

"Well, Stinky," cried Jack. "So you've been to Europe—see the King and Queen?"

"Not me," cracked Barbara happily. "When they heard I was coming, they ducked out to Africa!" Everyone in the place was smiling, sharing the delight of their reunion, laughing at the insults the two exchanged so gaily.

shy beneath the skin . . .

Ordinarily, both Bob and Barbara are crisp and taciturn on the surface. It takes a long time before they let you discover the sentiment under that protective crust. When Bob calls me, he still identifies himself: "Helen, Bob Taylor." First time I ever met Bob, I drove into their ranch in the valley. Halfway up the drive, a man leaped upon my running-board, poked his handsome head in the window and said, "Helen, Bob Taylor." Just like that. I almost ran into the rose bushes. When I call Barbara and she answers "Yep—" crisply, I make my business short and snappy. But when she says "hello" soft and easy, it's pretty sure she'll talk for maybe a couple of hours. The only subject she won't mention is her own generosity.

I remember one day my doorbell rang. I opened it and there was Barbara, her arms sagging with a half-dozen beautiful gowns. She looked as if she'd been caught raiding a bank vault, and glared as she thrust the dresses at me. "Dammit," she complained, "what are you doing at home? Here—take these." She whirled and ran back to her car. But pinned on the gowns was a typically Stanwyck note explaining that she couldn't use the party frocks, and she hoped maybe I could.

She's that way with all her friends—and Bob. When the Taylors were abroad, Bob, who's gun and plane happy, took in the continental shooting matches in Belgium. A certain hand-made weapon won the Grand Prix, which means it was at least close to the finest gun in the world. He wanted it. Barbara squawked. "You've got enough guns. Take it easy." But of course, the next day she personally tracked down the gunsmith who'd fash-



★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

don't miss

"The Shirtwaist Girls"

in february modern screen fashions

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

scents of beauty



Deborah Kerr, M-G-M star, loves a flower fragrance.

Perfume can evoke the romantic mood, but use it with imagination for its magic effect.

BY CAROL CARTER, BEAUTY EDITOR

■ If you're susceptible to perfume—and who isn't?—you have your favorite, which you can only describe with a blissful sigh of ecstasy! It's strictly a luxury, but heady magic at creating a mood of enchantment. Since it serves no other purpose but to delight your senses, choose your perfume carefully and only after you've had a sample dab on your skin for a few minutes or longer. If your dream perfume is too utterly expensive, possibly it's to be found in a toilet water which is a weaker concentration of the same perfume oils and consequently budget-priced. In any case, don't compromise! A scent which does nothing for you emotionally is just so much barber water!

Perfume is most effective when worn on the skin rather than clothing. Use it with imagination and delicacy. The woman who knows how to use perfume distributes light little dabs of it here and there over her person rather than a lot on one spot. Touch the stopper to your eyebrows, the tips of your ears, the curve of your throat and in the bend of your elbows. Your hundred strokes a day with a hair brush will be a pleasure if you put a smidge of perfume on your brush.

There's one caution in the use of perfume and that goes for all scents. Don't put too much on. Let it be elusive, like fragrance from a lovely flower which seems to come and go, but is never overpowering. Remember there is such a thing as "olfactory fatigue," which simply means your sense of smell stops to rest itself ever so often. Take it for granted your perfume is still there and don't put on a supplementary application.

Along with this caution, a second suggestion: don't permit a confusion of perfume. If you like to dust a scented powder on your body after your bath, use a toilet water on your handkerchief and apply perfume behind your ears, let them be similar in character.

Keep perfume sealed as tightly as possible for evaporation of alcohol may change the scent.

ioned the Grand Prix shooter. Bob went out of this world when she gave it to him.

Barbara's even shyer of planes than she is of shooting irons. If there's one thing that turns her green, it's flying. Bob's a real flyer, and when he got his twin-engined Beechcraft, he begged "Missy," as he calls her sometimes, and as he named the plane, to let him take her for a ride.

"It's a long way down," vetoed Barbara, "and I've already seen the view."

Until, one morning, Barbara pulled another switch. She softly remarked, "I'm flying with you today." She and Bob hopped off to Palm Springs for lunch, and Bob walked on air for three weeks thereafter. You could tell he was dreaming maybe the Taylors would fly to Europe—maybe, come to think of it, around the world. The Queen cautioned him, after her fashion. "Don't dream it up too big, Bob. I left my stomach on that mountain bush near Palm Springs."

Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck both wear wedding rings. They're sufficient unto one another. They haven't a wide circle of Hollywood friends; they come close to being a closed corporation. That's why I appreciate having been admitted so many times to their thoughts. The other night they were outlining plans for another trip abroad at some later day. Barbara said suddenly, "Say, what about Helen going along?"

"She'd be a swell dame for a trip like that," Bob exclaimed. I was thrilled.

two of a kind . . .

Neither Bob nor Barbara likes big Hollywood parties. Each can order a meal for the other without changing an item—shrimp cocktail, rare steak, baked potato, green salad and coffee. Plenty of coffee. Both love horses but both gave up horse ranches when they analyzed the cost sheets. When Bob joined the Navy, Barbara followed him to his stations like any war wife, between jobs. When pictures kept her in Hollywood, she walked strictly alone. They share a consuming interest in their jobs and the industry. They see every movie Hollywood turns out, at their regular Saturday night screenings. It annoys Bob that Barbara's been nominated for Academy Awards three times and hasn't an Oscar yet. It doesn't annoy The Queen. "I just feel like one of Crosby's horses," she says.

I couldn't tell you who has the most devastating sense of humor because it's a tie. They both like to howl on Saturday night, but it's a mild form of howling. Just dinner—at La Rue most often—and the screening of two pictures at the studio. Bob likes a Scotch highball; if Barbara drinks at all, it is champagne. Both like to sit on the floor. They prefer to eat buffet style, and they agreed that the first installation in the house they're planning will be a tennis court. They adore a tiny French poodle, named the inevitable "Missy." Barbara likes Bob's moustache, and when she snipped her hair short the other day for *B. F.'s Daughter*, he raved about it.

The Taylors share, too, what they consider the greatest compliment ever paid them. It didn't happen in Hollywood but in Paris, where Bob and Barbara went before the London première. They'd just left the Arc de Triomphe, when a couple of American sailors trotted past, did a delayed "take" and stared back at those two famous faces.

"Hey," one said. "You Bob Taylor?"

"That's right," smiled Bob.

"You Barbara Stanwyck?"

"Uh, huh," grinned Barbara.

The gob whirled toward his mate down the street and cupped his hands.

"Hey, Steve!" he yelled as loud as he could. "Americans! *Americans!*"

IF I WERE QUEEN

(*Continued from page 39*)

Richard Widmark.

I would award a winged Oscar to Howard Hughes for the best performance of the year by an amateur. His appearance in the newsreels of the Senate investigation definitely put him in the class with Clark, Gary, Errol and the rest of the he-man idols, complete with indifference to klieg lights and a terrific sense of the dramatic.

I would exile Red Skelton to Lower Slobbovia.

David O. Selznick definitely won the how-bloody-can-you-get competition for that all-but-endless last scene in *Duel In The Sun*—the one in which Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck crawled around in a mess of highly artificial Technicolor gore. I'd call him to the white velvet carpet in front of my 18-karat throne and toss him his just reward: a stalk of fresh Iowa corn and a crate of tomato catsup.

I'd toss half a dozen of Hollywood's best scribes into a custom-built dungeon equipped with plush-padded cells, built-in typewriters and hot-and-cold-running inspiration—and I'd keep them there for a year and a day, or as long as it took them to turn out a really good script for that long-suffering lass, Deanna Durbin.

And I'd prove conclusively that I'm a ruler who loves her subjects—her short subjects, that is. I'd make Bugs Bunny a baron, and Donald Duck a duke.

I would appoint make-up men—Max Factor, Jack Dawn and the Westmore Brothers—to work on statesmen and presidential candidates before they faced the newsreel cameras. President Truman could use a little treatment around the eyebrows, and Tom Dewey's mustache could stand re-styling. And if Robert Taylor, Dana Andrews and the other dream boys submit to pancake, why should Stassen balk?

command performance . . .

I'd command Olivia DeHavilland and Joan Fontaine to fight out their feud to a finish by co-starring in a picture with two equally important feminine roles. The critics could then decide who scored the Thespian knockout.

I'd give Abbott and Costello a sentence of fifty years in an old vaudeville house haunted by Joe Miller jokes, because they're baaad boys—and I do mean baaad—on the screen.

I'd tax the more taxing movie plots right out of existence. "A royal raspberry!" I'd cry, to bogus biographies of composers, as much like the truth as Spike Jones is like Beethoven; to saccharine sagas about a child and a dog and/or horse that Understands him (or the parents that don't); and to the super-tough detective thrillers in which the private eye is a public eyesore who tracks down more blondes than clues.

I'd toss a crate full of diamond-studded Oscars into the laps of the forgotten men and matrons of Hollywood, the character actors. They don't have stars on their doors or bobby-soxers under their beds, but they're as necessary to Hollywood as applause. I'm talking about artists like Henry Daniell, Samuel Hinds, Beulah Bondi, Frank Faylen, Elizabeth Patterson, Eduardo Ciannelli, George Zucco, Una O'Connor, Douglas Dumbrille, and many, many more in their unsung but indispensable class.

I'd assign Cecil B. DeMille to produce an intimate, one set, six character comedy—just for the royal fun of it.

And for the sake of the subjects of my



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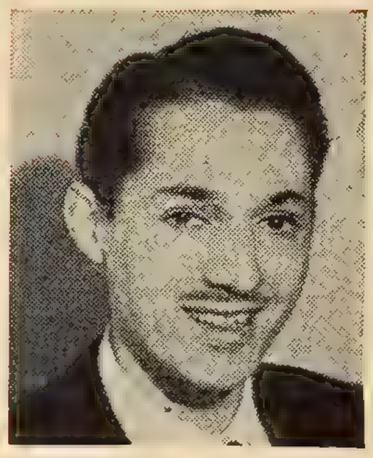
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The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada).

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Lovely Jewel Bubnick of Miami Beach, says, "My sister had an expensive beauty shop wave. I gave myself a Toni permanent—at home. And even our dates couldn't tell our permanents apart." (Jewel, the twin with the Toni is on the left).

Ask for Toni today. On sale at all drug, notions or cosmetic counters.



sweet and hot



By LEONARD FEATHER

**Highly Recommended
*Recommended
No Stars: Average

POPULAR

CHRISTMAS RECORDS—Your best bet is the perennial "Merry Christmas" album by Bing Crosby (Decca), aided by the Ken Darby singers, the Andrews Sisters, John Scott Trotter, et al. Johnny Mercer and the Pied Pipers manage to infuse the seasonal cheer pretty well (considering the sides were probably recorded in blazing summer) on their *Jingle Bells* and *Santa Claus is Coming to Town* (Capitol). Decca has reissued the Woody Herman treatments of these two tunes.

For the toddling brother or sister there are such novelties as *Santa Claus For President* by Sammy Kaye and *On The Santa Claus Express* by Freddy Martin (both Victor). Signature has a good album of all the best Xmas songs, with Monica Lewis, Ray Bloch, Johnny Long. To top it off, there are innumerable versions of *White Christmas*, the best by Frankie (Columbia), others by Eddy Howard (Majestic), Jo Stafford (Capitol).

But I'm sorry, I'll just take *The Christmas Song*, written by Mel Torme and sung by King Cole (Capitol). After you've heard this one, there just *aren't* any other Christmas records.

Merry Christmas!

I HAVE BUT ONE HEART—**Frank Sinatra & Pied Pipers (Columbia); *Tex Beneke (Victor); *Phil Brito (Musicraft); Carmen Cavallaro (Decca); Vic Damone (Mercury).

A ninety-year-old Italian folk song, which Phil Brito does in the original language under the original title, *O Marenariello*. Frankie S. plays it safe by singing it in both languages, and good.

I'M WAITING FOR SHIPS THAT NEVER COME IN—*Buddy Clark (Columbia); Bing Crosby (Decca)

A hit of 1920 (through the lusty larynxes of Sophie Tucker, Belle Baker and Ted Lewis), and now a big revival.

IT HAPPENED IN HAWAII—*Jimmy Dorsey (Decca); Kay Kyser (Columbia); Hal McIntyre (M-G-M)

Publisher had to stop working on this one—he made the mistake of publishing it late in 1941. Now the above records, withdrawn after Pearl Harbor, have been reissued, and the publisher's back at his desk.

PAPA WON'T YOU DANCE WITH ME—*Doris Day (Columbia); Three Suns (Victor); Guy Lombardo (Decca); Skitch Henderson (Capitol)

One of a promising pair from the Broadway show *High Button Shoes*. The mate is *I Still Get Jealous*, done best by *Gordon McRae (Capitol) and Harry James (Columbia).

HOT JAZZ

LOUIS ARMSTRONG & JACK TEAGARDEN—**Fifty Fifty Blues (Victor)

CHARLIE BARNET—*East Side, West Side (Apollo)

LOUIS JORDAN—**Early in the Morning (Decca)

BILLY TAYLOR—*Flight of the Be-Bop (HRS)

LUCKY THOMPSON—**Just One More Chance (Victor)

First side has some great singing, and playing, by both Jack and Louis. Barnet's Bunny Briggs burlesques be-bop vocally. Louis Jordan does a vocal blues with rumba accompaniment—it's novel and delightful. Lucky Thompson's tenor sax solo of *Just One More Chance* is the greatest record of its kind since Coleman Hawkins' *Body and Soul* in 1939. Look out for Lucky.

FROM THE MOVIES

GOLDEN EARRINGS—Title Song: Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Peggy Lee (Capitol); Jack Fina (M-G-M)

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS—Un Poquito de Amor: *Xavier Cugat (Columbia); *Desi Arnaz (Victor); Noro Morales (Majestic). I Love To Dance: *Desi Arnaz (Victor)

VARIETY GIRL—Harmony: *Johnny Mercer & King Cole (Capitol). Tired: **Pearl Bailey (Columbia)

WHEN A GIRL'S BEAUTIFUL—I'm Sorry I Didn't Say I'm Sorry: *Mills Brothers (Decca); Tony Pastor (Columbia); Phil Brito (Musicraft)

realm, I'd order the royal economists to do something about making box-office admissions more economical!

I'd canvass the old carnivals, and buy a gold-plated, rhinestone-studded Love Meter for Lana Turner. If anyone West of the Hudson needs one, she does. But my gift to Jimmy Stewart would be a giant bottle of vitamin tablets. After all, if he's going to blow away in the next studio windstorm, he ought to have enough energy to yell for help!

To Maria Montez, who is rumored by many not to exist, I would furnish absolute proof of birth and affidavits testifying that she has been seen in the flesh (some flesh!), pinched, and fingerprinted. I would confiscate Rosalind Russell's soap box, take the wood and make a paddle, take the paddle and row Roz from the soup into acting again. I'd round up every Howard Hughes press agent who wrote copy for *The Outlaw* and assign them to enforced study at the Harvard Library for a period of one year.

I would summon Bette Davis, an actress of quality, and have a heart-to-heart talk with her about her career. I would explain that I knew she refused to bleach her hair and cap her teeth in the very beginning, and I admire her for it; but I would scold her for abusing her independence by making up her mouth so that she looked like a mammy singer in white face, and doing her eye-lashes and lids in a manner best described as ugh-y. I would suggest for her case a strong-minded story editor who could demonstrate to her that her emoting in vehicles like *A Stolen Life* and *Deception* resembled nothing so much as an Agnes DeMille staging of a Baby Ruth bar. If she refused to comply with my suggestions, I would sentence her to act forever with her hands tied behind her back.

from riches to Adrian rags . . .

For Joan Crawford, I would have my fanciest engravers concoct a citation naming her the Classic Embodiment of the Movie Queen—from rags to riches to Adrian rags to comeback, and all well done.

And for Harry Cohn of Columbia pictures I would order the court's best embroiderers to whip up a sampler, suitable for framing, bearing the words of the late Jimmy Walker, to wit: "Never quarrel with newspapermen. They go to press too often."

I would explain to Dane Clark that he can act convincingly and thrill the girls to pieces without that correspondence school strong man act. Shoulders inflated like Superman's don't make an Atlas out of Shorty.

And I'd warn Lionel Barrymore that if he doesn't stop masticating words and lowering like a daddy cow, he'll be that odd creature waiting at the end of Nightmare Alley—the Geek.

I'd give Betty Hutton a sedative before every picture, if I were Queen. I'd never allow Clark Gable to take a desk job in a film. And any writer delivering the line of dialogue that goes "Just stand there and let me look at you," would be sentenced to a year of watching old pictures. I'd make it compulsory for all theaters to have comfortable, heavily-padded seats.

I'd restrict Edward Everett Horton and Jack Oakie and Jack Carson to one "double-take" per movie. I'd permit Alan Hale no more than one political ward-heeler role each season, and I'd take Franklyn Pangborn out of the inevitable hotel lobby. I'd make Alan Ladd show fear *just once*. If one more director cast Alexis Smith as the "inspiration" for one more great man (as she was for Mark Twain, George Gershwin and Cole Porter)

I would not only scream at the top of my royal lungs but I would order him beheaded without trial.

I would film *The Life Of Johnny Meyer* with Mickey Rooney in the title role.

As one of my very first moves, I would command a major studio to cast Greg Bautzer as a leading man. He's captivated so many Hollywood stars, I think his charm should have a wider circulation.

I would be harsh with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which once had the greatest "stable" in Hollywood, but recently has amassed a record of bad pictures and spectacular mishandling of stars. As examples, I would cite Joan Crawford (her career was wrecked with bad M-G-M scripts, then they let her go and she zoomed back into the Academy Award class with her first picture for a rival studio), and Greer Garson and Van Johnson (they slid from two of the greatest box office attractions of screen history to virtual oblivion on the axle grease of poor vehicles). As a punishment for his sins of bad star-handling, I would sentence Louis B. Mayer to be locked in his private projection room and forced to view—without blinders, earmuffs or even popcorn to solace him—*Romance Of Rosy Ridge*, *Adventure* and *Desire Me*.

I'd make a Betty Grable out of Marilyn Maxwell. And I'd also wave my magic wand over Susan Hayward and make her a star because she's got so much of what it takes.

I'd put John Carradine on a French pastry and whipped cream diet, and I'd invent unpleasant incidents around Margaret O'Brien until she had a great big tantrum. (There must be at least ONE unsweet bone in that hardworking little body!) Then, to delight the Nelson Eddy fans, I'd produce an operetta version of *The Great Stone Face*, and type cast.

give the dogs to Mason . . .

Because of his almost embarrassing addiction to cats, I'd write James Mason's next film around a dog kennel. And I'd strike a special ruby-studded medal for any producer who showed a movie secretary typing, instead of modeling a brassiere.

My Courtier In Charge of Starlets' Contracts would insert clauses forbidding the pretties to date George Raft until he got his divorce, if ever. And I would proclaim a national holiday on the day of days when a non-fictionized, accurate biography—of anyone at all!—was recorded on film and sound track.

I would film *The Life And Loves of Keenan Wynn* with the real life lasses playing their original roles, and tell the Johnston office to get lost while it was being made. The phrase "You mean—?" would be rationed, and any film company wishing to use it would have to get stamps. All interviewers of Vic Mature would be supplied with copies of his previous statements to the press.

My royal advice to Shirley Temple would be to steer clear of dimpled darling, ingenue roles and try for smaller but meatier parts in strong pictures. I'd never let Eddie Cantor mention his daughters again. Doesn't he know it gives the women of the world an inferiority complex? I'd hire the best available comedy writers to concoct better scripts for sweepstakes winners in the newsreels. And I'd cast Sidney Greenstreet in a gentle grandfatherly role.

I'd give screen credit to all padding and toupees used in pictures.

I'd make Oscars practical instead of ornamental. In other words, my prize for the best actor of the year would be the role he wants most to play—not just a streamlined little doorstop of a statue.

And I'd banish double features from my kingdom forever!

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"MERRY CHRISTMAS MUSIC"

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DENNIS DAY ALBUM—
BELOVED IRISH SONGS!

Dennis sings *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, Mother Machree, By the Light of the Silvery Moon, A Little Bit of Heaven,* others. Ask for "My Wild Irish Rose," P-191, $3.40.



SPIKE JONES ALBUM
—FUN FOR THE KIDDIES!

Here are Spike's side-splitting versions of *Old MacDonald Had a Farm, Our Hour, Hawaiian War Chant* and *Chloe*. Nonbreakable records—twice as many plays! Get "Nonsense Music for Children," Y-359, $2.25.

"Glenn Miller Masterpieces," Vol. II. Eight sides by the original Miller band. P-189, $3.40.

"The Three Suns Present . . ." P-185, $3.40.

"Year 'Round Favorites" album with Sammy Kaye and his Orchestra. Ask for P-184, $3.40.

"Prom Date"—College songs by Tex Beneke and The Miller Orchestra. Album P-183, $3.40.

"Tuxedo Junction"—Erskine Hawkins and his Orchestra. RCA Victor Album P-181, $3.40.

"Concertos for Dancing"—Freddy Martin and his Orchestra. RCA Victor Album P-169, $3.40.

"Getting Sentimental with Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra." Album P-80, $3.40.

"Suite 'n Swing" Album—with Henri René and his Orchestra. Album P-190, $3.40.
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Hear Bob Merrill on the RCA Victor Program. Sundays, 2 p.m., EST, over the NBC Network. Radio Corporation of America.

THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON
RCA VICTOR RECORDS

RCA "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

THE WINNER!—By Kirtley Baskette

(*Continued from page 30*)

Winner, with a record rush of ballots that's never been matched in MODERN SCREEN's long life!

Last January, Frank Sinatra had just nosed out Van Johnson in a photo finish for MODERN SCREEN's '46 floral horseshoe —and they both started the '47 handicap breathing easy and far out in front. Larry Parks? A pleasant-looking guy with prospects in the up-coming screen story of Al Jolson's life—but the other fellows weren't worrying about him.

And then, over 200,000 of you canny balloteers picked him out of a field of glamor guys. Because Larry stepped forward with the most amazing acting job a brand new star has turned in since Edison invented the flicker machine! *The Jolson Story* didn't win Larry his Academy Award—it missed by inches—but it won him MODERN SCREEN's coveted Poll palm of the year.

So meet the champ—Larry Parks!

Away back in September, '46, our Hollywood seer, Hedda Hopper, warned "Watch Larry Parks!" in our own pages. Hedda said Parks was terrific. Came summer, and a blizzard of white rave notes turned June into January, right in our own editorial offices. Like Malicious, Larry started slow, and wound up flying. It's what he's been doing all his life.

One fall day in 1937, Larry Parks turned the back of his thin summer suit against a biting wind that slashed across 42nd Street and Broadway in New York. He shouldn't have been there by reasonable rights. He should have been right back at the University of Illinois, starting medical school; he had a scholarship that guaranteed the education. Inside his coat pocket were letters from his parents. "We'll be heartsick if you throw your future away," they wrote.

Larry shivered, and felt wet on his neck. Snow. Already the sky was gray.

All summer long, wherever Larry had stepped, a dozen other young, eager, energetic guys and gals had swept along with him, hounding producers, tracking down every threadbare clue to an acting chance, boxing him in. How many got their breaks, he never knew. All he knew was he hadn't. He turned up his coat collar and started off on the rounds again.

It wasn't until noon that it dawned on Larry Parks that something was queer. The familiar faces he'd seen all summer —they weren't around today.

fair-weather barrymores . . .

He stopped short on the sidewalk, snapped his fingers and grinned. "Gone with the snow," he told himself, "just like the birds. Gone home and given up—oh boy!" He was wobbly from living off noodles and bean sprouts at the Chinese restaurant up the street where you got dinner for 25 cents. He was frowsy and pale from the airless $2.50-a-week room on Tenth Avenue. The seat of his pants was mirror-slick. But what had scared out his sunshine rivals, Larry knew, was his opening. Now was the time to hit 'em again.

He headed straight for the Group Theater. He'd been there the day before, and the day before that. It was what he wanted most—like everybody else—to squeeze inside the exclusive group. All summer he'd been turned down by them, but this time he wasn't lost in a crowd. Later that afternoon he got the wire, "Please come see us." It was John Garfield and the Group Theater that started Larry Parks to Hollywood later on.

Larry has been a tough character to discourage on any project since he was nipping along in knee-pants.

Last year, after his mother passed on, Larry had the Parks family possessions shipped out from his home town, Joliet, Illinois. He went down to the storage place to look through them one day, and came home lugging a package. He sat down on the floor and spent the whole evening unpacking and setting up the first major prize he ever won—his electric train.

Larry spotted that train, bright and shiny, racing around a track in a department store window when he was nine years old. It was $34.50—with cars, track, switches, transformer and signals—and that's how Larry wanted it. But it might as well have been $34,000. That was three weeks before Christmas, and Larry knew his dad couldn't afford a present like that. He told about the train at dinner that night; he couldn't help hinting.

Dad Parks looked at his wife and then looked away. "Larry," he said, "tell you what. If you'll earn half the price, Santa Claus might dig up the rest."

Larry had $2.35 in his nickel bank, he remembers, and that left exactly $14.65 he had to rustle—in three short weeks. It was an appalling sum; in his entire young life he'd never earned that much. Sometimes he got ten cents on Saturdays for helping around the yard, and sometimes he didn't. It was winter and there weren't any neighbors' lawns to mow. The corner grocery store had a delivery boy. He tried the newspaper; the routes were all taken. After school, Larry chased around desperately on the trail of jobs. He collected a quarter here, carrying out ashes; he scraped snow off some sidewalks and earned some more. But the last week came, and he had exactly $5.15.

Any kid but Larry Parks might have settled for a pair of skates or a catcher's mitt. Larry Parks tackled the very treasure house where his dream train buzzed around the window. He went inside and told the department store manager about the project. The boss gave Larry a job dropping packages at doors and what's more, he said he'd sell him the train wholesale. Christmas Eve, Larry panted in with the money, and his dad's to match. Christmas morning, his train was racing around his own tree at home.

Larry was 13 when he entered Joliet High and for a peewee, he had gigantic ambitions. He weighed exactly 90 pounds, but he wanted to make the football team and win a scholarship to the University of Illinois. He wanted to be a doctor.

$5 WORTH OF GREETINGS

Maybe your stockings will be bulging at Christmas time, but probably, your pockets will be empty. We know. We have pockets, too—but right now, ours are full of crisp $5 bills. And they're yours for the writing! What happened when you saw that famous star? We know you got an autograph, but we'd like to hear more than that. Read our I SAW IT HAPPEN boxes and you'll see that we want true, amusing and unusual anecdotes. A long order, but we'll foot the $5 bill for every one we use. Send your contribution to the "I Saw It Happen," Editor, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York. Would you like to fill your pockets? Maybe we can help.*

But when Larry had just barely started high school, he was hit by a blighting disease. Bell's palsy. It twisted the left side of his face out of shape. It's a fairly rare affliction and tragic. The nerves of your face pull up and twist.

That was bad enough, but almost at the same time paralysis struck his right leg and it withered away to half the size of his left.

Larry took all kinds of violent treatments, including dangerous strychnine. He had to start a campaign of rest and then arduous exercise—harnesses, weights, baths and heat therapy, to bring his paralyzed leg back to life again. He still works out with a weight harness three times a week, and you can still see where his right leg is smaller than his left—but he can use it as well as the next fellow now. The left side of his face, too, isn't his "good side"—even for a camera. For a long time an eyelid would droop, whenever he got too tired.

two strikes . . .

It would be hard to imagine a tougher handicap for a 14-year-old. He missed months of school, he couldn't try out for the sports he was dying to prove his tiny body in. By the time he was graduated from Joliet High, he had conquered his twitching face, was walking normally on his stricken leg. Not only that, but he'd actually made end on the lightweight football squad! He was active in student affairs, and even though his grades had suffered during his bedridden days, he went after that scholarship with everything he had. All the budding brains around his Illinois district were after the same thing, but 17-year-old Larry won.

Larry hit the campus at Illinois U. just a freshman lost among fifteen or twenty thousand milling students. Being Larry Parks, he had to do something about that. Besides, he had to earn cakes, coffee and coke money, because his scholarship provided for the future in medical school, but there was pre-med and his B.S. to tackle first. He made a good fraternity, S.A.E., took a job slinging hash at the Kappa Sig house. On the side, he earned his board juggling house finances for the Sig Alph brothers. As if that weren't enough—with his tough study schedule—Parks went all out for the campus theater workshop.

Around Urbana, where Illinois U. sits, they still call Larry's four-year era, '33 to '37, "The Golden Age of Talent." It happened that Larry bumped up against a rare flock of kids spilling dramatic genius all over the campus. Dozens of that crew have made good all over the land and in Hollywood, too. The competition was terrific, but before he helped himself to a sheepskin, Larry Parks had the theater situation at I.U. all sewed up. He was running the show.

What he went after, he usually got. In fact, the only time Larry got rocked back on his heels during those college days was when he tangled with sweet romance —and a red-headed woman.

Her name was Mildred and she was a gal who got around everywhere, and left sweet smiles and a come-on as souvenirs. Larry started reading blank pages in his study texts, forgot to show up at Workshop rehearsals, spilled soup down an indignant Kappa Sig's neck one night at dinner and almost got his block knocked off. He had it bad.

There was a certain campus Big Time Operator who had the same idea about

Mildred. This BTO, moreover, held a handful of collegiate aces. He played on the varsity, for one, and was always tearing off for long Frank Merriwell runs at the big games, to Larry's disgust.

He had a profile like Peck, and a red convertible. Larry's love-sickness made him ignore that superman competition, and Mildred was not one to discourage anybody. She let Larry moon around and think he was head man, right up to her sorority formal.

Larry was snoozing happily in his bunk one night before the big dance. He was dreaming of waltzing Mildred to the formal. His roommate came in late, shook his bunk and woke him up.

"Hey," he said, grinning wickedly. "I've got news for you, Romeo. Guess who's just broken out with a pin!" Larry didn't have to guess. He rolled over and rammed his head in the pillow. "She had fat legs, anyway," he sighed. But he didn't trust a woman for years after.

The most rugged heat Larry Parks ever ran—and the one he looks back on with the most pride even today—took place one summer in his home town of Joliet, at the Goose Lake brickyard. Larry worked every college vacation because he had to scrape up a stake to start school with in the fall. One summer his dad knew the boss of that fire-brick factory well enough to land Larry a job.

no gold brick-laying . . .

He was 19 at the time, and not too husky for his years. The men he worked with were full-grown laborers with broad backs and seasoned muscles. They worked in teams of four, moving brick from the kiln to the sheds and boxcars. The three regulars weren't one bit amused at having a college punk shoved into their circle by the boss's friend. The Goose Lake Yard paid off by piece work—so much for shifting each 1,000 bricks—and the four-man team drew their pay as a unit. The job wasn't a vacation interlude for the brick-heavers; it was their bread and butter. If this kid slowed them down, they'd have less to eat at home.

Larry still aches, remembering that summer. His crew hardly spoke to him, they scorched him with dark looks, and they set out to work him to death so he'd yell "uncle" and quit.

They had the know-how and the strength to hoist 600 pounds of firebrick aboard the rubber-wheeled barrows and scoot them along. To Larry, until he learned, it was like hoisting the city hall. They were used to the white-hot kilns where the bricks glowed incandescent with heat and where, if the fan went out, you'd fry like a piece of bacon in a few sizzling seconds. But Larry clamped his jaws and sweated, choked and grunted until his muscles almost snapped. At night he went to bed almost crying from fatigue and he dreaded each dawn.

But he wouldn't quit, and after a month he was brick-tough himself, broken in and handy. So handy in fact that he ended up pals with his team and their four-man gang made more money than any crew in the yard. He got a job there the next summer, too, welcomed that time as a heaver who'd proved himself.

There's never been a sign of the white feather in Larry's makeup. If he hadn't been built to stick things out, we wouldn't be hailing him now as MODERN SCREEN's Man of the Year. Because he had to pitch plenty to stay in the Hollywood ball game, even after he'd won himself a lucky pass into the park.

That was after Larry's Broadway invasion, a fling at summer stock, and graduation from Illinois. You see, he got sidetracked from that medical career by all those college dramatics and the min-

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

Hi, fans! Know what this is? It's our first cnniversary! Although, actually, we're more than four years old, this marks the beginning of the second year that The Fans has appeared in MODERN SCREEN. And, even in our cautious opinion, it's been the greatest year fan clubs have ever known. We're not saying this idly, just because we're feeling festive and in a celebrating mood. We're looking at the record. Never have fan clubs received so much publicity in newspapers and magazines and on the radio. And for the most part, this publicity has been on the favorable, praiseworthy side. The public has at last become aware that our clubs are a constructive force for the advancement of many worthwhile community and world-wide projects. People aren't dismissing fan club activities as "silly" and "infantile" anymore; they're astounded at the charitable and humane work you clubbers are doing. Also, they've discovered at the Fan Club Convention last July that when several hundred clubbers get together, they behave no worse than any other group of Americans—and certainly much better than most. That's why MODERN SCREEN and its whole staff are still solidly on your side. That's why MODERN SCREEN remains the ONLY movie magazine that's supported fan clubs 100 per cent!

Now, we want to say a little about us. We haven't accomplished *nearly* all the things we've wanted to do in this short year; we haven't done justice in this small space to all your wonderful clubs. And, of course, we haven't enough Trophy Cups to offer to all the *good* clubs in MSFCA. Journals improve steadily with each issue. The sloppy, makeshift kind are almost out of existence.

In the coming year, we're going to try to be as fair and square to all clubs as is humanly possible. But you must help. If you want publicity, don't just write and tell us you're having a membership drive or a contest. Membership drives and contests go on all the time in fan clubs. It's the unusual, constructive kind of info we're looking for; the kind that will make other clubs want to follow suit; the kind that will make new readers want to join your club. Be explicit in your correspondent's reports. Give us all the important details.

And here's a final word: if you have any suggestions, send them along. We're anxious to have your ideas! And if you have any complaints, tell them to our face. Don't whisper about us behind our back. We're not Nora Prentiss! We're at your service; the MSFCA is your organization, so tell us what you want. Here's hoping the next year in fan clubs will be bigger and better than the last!

Entered our Writing Contest yet? The deadline is December 31, 1947. All you have to do is write a 300 to 400-word article about any MSFCA honorary. But remember, don't write it as a fan clubber, but as you would if you were a professional movie magazine writer. It must be objective, show originality of style and have a well-organized theme, but the material need not be original. Read the short biogs that appear in SCREEN ALBUM to get the right slant. You'll see what we mean. Submit entries to Writing Contest Editor, MSFCA, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16. (See November MS for complete rules.) Winning articles will be published in The Fans.

* * *

The new, enlarged MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Chart is the only complete compilation of established and up-and-coming fan clubs available anywhere! Over 350 clubs to choose from. Find out where to write for an application to each club you wish to join; how much it costs; what you can expect for your annual dues; which stars have MSFCA official fan clubs. Send 10c in coin, plus a self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope (size 4x9 in.) to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C. 16.

* * *

6TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Fifth Lap: (the following results are based on journals, reports, other data received at our offices between September 16 and October 10). Individual Prizes: Each winner in THIS IS MY BEST Contest receives a generous gift package of FABERGE's Perfume and Cologne. Best editors are each awarded a special assortment of POND's beauty preparations. Winning artist gets a handsome TANGEE Trip Kit for travel. First prize winner, CANDID CAMERA CONTEST, receives a year's subscription to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, a year's subscription to SCREEN ALBUM, and 4 Dell Mysteries. Other Candid Camera winners, a neat package of 4 Dell Mysteries. (Suitable prizes always substituted for male winners.)

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: Zelda Friedman, "Sticky Business," *En-Tyer-ly Yours* (John Tyers). Jean Crocker, "Those Fabulous People," *Pete Karson Album*. Donna Dawson, "Miracle" (poem), *Bette* (Davis); Iris Perry, "A Rising Star" (poem), *Fans Fancies* (Sinatra, Pacillo): Rose Baylog, "My U.S.O. Tour," *Kelly Club News;* Estelle Eigenmacht, "Muddled Musings," *Kelly Club News*. **Candid Camera Winners:** First prize, Lee Dyer, Rand Brooks C. Others: Pat Turiano, Jacks and Jills for Jo (Stafford). Margaret Hummel, Jack Berch C. LaHamer Bramlett, June Allyson C. Eleanor Hein, Rise Stevens C. Ron DeArmond, Four Star C. **Best Journals:** League 1, none qualified 2. (tied) *Bette*, (Gene) *Kelly Club News, Ginger's* (Rogers) *Gems*. 3. *Merchant of Menace* (Dan Duryea, Maben). **Best Editors:** League 1, none qualified 2. Peggy Pearl, *Handsome* (Alan) *Ladd*. 3. Joel Pacillio, *Fan's Fancies* (Frank). **Best Covers:** League 1, none qualified. 2. (tied) (Jack) Carson's Collections, *Handsome Ladd, Kelly Club News, Spotlighting Allan* (Jones). 3. *Two Grand* (Whittemore and Lowe). **Best Original Artist:** Addie Gushin, John Tyers C. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** 1. Dennis Morgan C., for contributing records to four Teen Canteens in Denver. 2. Bette Davis C., for contributions to Greenwich House Camp Fund, enabling two children to enjoy 3-week camp vacation. 3. Racing With The Moon C. (Vaughn Monroe), for contributing to support of 3-month-old foundling, being cared for at local hospital. **Best Correspondents:** 1. Berenice Olson, Gene Autry C. 2. Nell Ambrose, Club Friendship. 3. Beverly Bush, Melody of Sinatra C. **Greatest Percentage Increase in Membership:** 1. Dennis Morgan C. 2. Alan Ladd C. (Pearl). 3. Como's Cream City C. (Staley).

Leading Clubs so far: League 1: Gene Autry C., 1150; Dennis Morgan C., 1100; Bill Boyd C., 1000; Bingang (Ness), 750. League 2: Joan Crawford C., 1550; Bette Davis C., 1300; Alan Ladd C. (Pearl), Gene Kelly C., 1050. League 3: Sinatra (Ling), 1050; Dan Duryea C. (Maben), 1000: Joe Cotten C., Sinatra (McMullen), 850.

ute he slipped out of his cap and gown at Commencement, he sat down and wrote fifty letters to summer stock companies he'd read about in Theatre Arts Monthly. The law of averages fixed him up. He got twenty answers and seven offers. He picked the Manhattan Players at Lake Whalom, Mass., on the straw-hat circuit, then buffeted Broadway in the fall. That's when he outlasted the fair weather boys and girls and got that last minute job with the Group Theater. John Garfield, who'd traveled on to Hollywood after stage fame in the Group's *Golden Boy*, soon had a job for Larry in movieland.

It was to play Johnny's brother in a picture called *Mama Ravioli* at Warners. Larry hustled out to Hollywood on a bus, ready and set to go. Old eight-ball Parks, they call him. He was in Hollywood with an acting job one Saturday night. By Monday morning the picture was cancelled, the job gone, and he was broke.

Once he'd skinned knuckles enough rapping on studio gates, he started beating his brains out about the business of eating.

minstrel-man parks . . .

He's told before about the house he and two old Illinois U. pals hammered together. They parlayed a $400 loan into a $4,000 house, sold it and cleaned up enough to coast along on for months. But I'm not sure he's ever revealed the Hollywood variety career of Larry Parks and Co., songs, dances and snappy patter.

"We swiped blackouts, skits and sketches from anywhere," Larry confessed. "No show was safe. And sometimes we made up a killer-diller of our own."

Larry and his boys (a lot of other hungry hopefuls) were ready day and night to fling a show—anywhere. They operated all over Southern California—Kiwanis banquets, sales conventions, and firemen's balls. Once they whipped together a complete musical show in three days, and they got $200 for that. Another time they ad libbed a show off the back end of a truck and collected $5 for the whole act, split four ways. It wasn't elegant or a road to riches but it kept Larry alive.

Most everyone knows by now that Larry Parks first slipped into Columbia with a pinch hit reading of Robert Montgomery's part in *Here Comes Mr. Jordan.* They weren't testing Larry really, but Barry Fitzgerald for a key part. Columbia's head caster, Max Arnow, needed someone to make the test with Barry. He called Larry and asked if he'd like to fill in the test—no promises made.

Larry stepped inside the lot that morning when the gates opened. Minute he saw the set where the test was scheduled, he raced back home and snatched his roommate's dark blue suit. He'd spotted the white marble set, and his brain clicked. Barry Fitzgerald showed up in a light suit and faded into the white background when the film was printed. Larry stuck out like a sore thumb and loomed twice as tall and impressive as he really was. Barry Fitzgerald didn't get the job in *Here Comes Mr. Jordan,* but Larry Parks got a contract at Columbia. He had to laugh, later, when the studio big shots looked him over in the flesh. "We thought you were bigger," they muttered.

Whether that let-down did it or not, Larry Parks found a stock contract was no pass to fame. He had to chug along unhonored and unsung for several years.

He made thirty pictures. He played waiters, chauffeurs, mashers, bums. He filled in in mob scenes, he did dangerous stunts because he was cheaper than a Hollywood stunt man. He wallowed in Western shoot-em-ups, *Blondie* serials, gangland chillers. When he did see a little light, as in *Counter-attack,* it got snuffed out, pronto.

Larry struggled through that picture for weeks, with high hopes. He was Paul Muni's friend in a war story, and he had a hero's part. Most of his role was played in a swamp—a studio water tank—and if you've ever seen one of those torture tubs, you'll know it was no picnic. It was cold and dirty and Larry stayed there, sopping wet, day in and out, giving everything he had.

He hustled eagerly down Hollywood Boulevard the night of the preview. On the marquee of the Pantages the banners read: *Counter-attack* with Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman and Larry Parks. He could hardly believe it. "This is it," he said to himself, glowing.

But you'd have needed a torch to find him in that picture. His part, he soon realized with a sinking heart, had been scrapped. What few feet remained saw him wandering around in dim light between the swamp and a bombed out cellar and you couldn't tell whether that hazy character was Larry Parks or the Shadow.

He stalked home to his room and wrote a girl named Betty Garrett, back East. He told her the punctured payoff, as he'd told her his hopes. "Never mind," he scribbled, "I can out-wait 'em."

Betty knew Larry would crash through someday. She knew him pretty well by then; she was his bride.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was sitting in the lobby of a large Washington hotel, when a hungry-looking cowboy wandered up and down the floor, eyeing the swanky dining room. He seemed hesitant about going in. Finally, in a hoarse whisper, he asked his friend, "Do you think they sell sandwiches in there?" I started to chuckle when someone near me said, "Gosh, that's Gene Autry!"

Mary Joyce
Washington, D. C.

They'd met in New York and again in Hollywood, at the Actor's Lab, and Larry knew what he wanted.

Two careers kept Betty and Larry Parks apart all during the toughest stretch of Larry's career, the eight month marathon to his long-delayed fame in *The Jolson Story.* Betty was starring in *Call Me Mister* on Broadway, and a 3,000-mile-away wife was just one more misery Larry had to bear in that most important year in his life. Most of the others you've read about:

How Larry—who wasn't a real singer—had to mimic perfectly one of the greatest of them all, Al Jolson. How he started the picture stone cold, with no chance to prepare, being cast at the last minute. How he put across twenty dynamic Jolson numbers, all different, and matched every Jolson quiver and mugg to the flicker of an eyelash. He slaved 14 hours at a stretch, day and night, through those eight months until he almost lost his mind, till the old facial palsy threatened to come on again. It wasn't made easier by the knowledge that his mother, who lived with him, had cancer, was getting steadily worse and would die, perhaps before she could see the success he was striving for. But maybe that helped him last out the race.

Because when he thought he couldn't stand the strain another minute: when he was ready to explode, he thought of his mother.

At home she was pretending not to know what was wrong with her. "If my mother can be as calm and cheerful as she is, I can certainly take my troubles without any kicks," he figured. So he didn't let up for a minute, and his mother lived to see her boy come through. *The Jolson Story* and Larry Parks are big, bright events in Hollywood's spangled history. It will be a long time before a player and picture miss an Academy Oscar by as little as Larry Parks and *The Jolson Story* did.

All that is a year gone by for Larry Parks, and he isn't looking back. But he's still hustling along the hard way, running an obstacle race. It seems to be his destiny.

He hasn't been able to clinch the biggest break of his life as most screen star sensations do, because practically every minute since *The Jolson Story* he's been feudin' and a-fightin' with Columbia and his boss, Harry Cohn. Larry hasn't stepped on a movie set, at this writing, for nine long months.

What makes him fret about the whole knotty business is that most people think his sudden fame has made him hard to handle. He'd like to clear that up.

Larry's battle with his studio has nothing to do with money. What he's wrangling about concerns a contract signed before, not after *The Jolson Story.* It boils down to this: Larry says he has a year more to go on his contract. Columbia says he has five. He's up for a suit for "declaratory relief." That's lawyer language, but it means a verdict to clear up Larry's studio future. If he wins, he'll go right back to work for another year, and then call his own shots. If he loses, he'll be Mister Columbia for five more terms. Larry's betting he's right and, like we've been saying, the boy has a habit of winning.

But win or lose, Larry Parks will always find something around Hollywood to go after and get. Battle's the breath of his life—even if it's only with himself. While he's been idle, Larry licked a complex he'd been lugging around ever since *The Jolson Story.*

gentleman in the dark . . .

It wasn't all because he played "the silent Jolson" in his big hit, didn't sing a recorded note, and everyone knew it, that Larry found himself saddled with a very real psychosis. What built up the fixation was Larry's natural love for singing, and his flop feeling in public when he couldn't, because he didn't know how to do it right.

He'd travel around with Betty to the GI hospitals and Betty would whip right into a number that scattered sunshine all over the place, while Larry, who had a good baritone, couldn't even think of using it without being terrified.

Betty understood. She brought Sy Miller, her voice coach, over to the house and they ganged up to coax Larry into a song or two. Sy told him the truth—that he had a good voice, could train it and learn to sell a song like the best of them. Larry snapped at the chance.

He's been taking voice lessons all-out and faithfully, three times a week for the past six months. His last set of recordings were so good they banished his bugaboo. Right now, Larry and Betty are working out a family singing act which they'll perform in public the next time they're asked.

The song they plan to sing is from *Annie Get Your Gun.* It's called "I Can Do Anything Better Than You," and while Larry's too modest a guy to believe it, the song's a pretty good theme for him. He can do almost anything better than almost anybody. Could be that's why he's MODERN SCREEN's Man of the Year.

PEACE ON EARTH

(*Continued from page 32*)

the movie colony, MODERN SCREEN's going to fly you across the boundary lines to Christmases far away and not too long ago . . .

Louis Jourdan and his brother Robert, in Marseilles (Pierre, the youngest, hadn't been born yet) always knew exactly how their letters reached Le Pêre Noël.

First, they were very accurately addressed to Le Pêre Noël, Le Paradis, Route du Ciel. Second, you hung them on the telegraph pole nearest your apartment house. Next time you looked, they were gone, so naturally they'd been whisked by wire to the sky. Third, you got an answer, thus:

"My dear Louis:
I have received your amiable letter. If you are an obedient boy, and try to do your school work a little better, then for this year you will have what you wish. I will visit you, as last year, at 12 o'clock. I will come by the chimney. Do not forget to put your shoes by the fireplace.
Bien à vous—Le Pêre Noël"

So, to two very obedient boys who'd tried for at least a week to do their school work better, came Christmas Eve and The Tree, and the bite of supper to stay them till after midnight, and the smaller gifts grouped round their shoes on the hearth—by whom, they never asked. But this was only the overture. The curtain itself wouldn't rise till 12.

For the Jourdan children, it was their young-hearted mother who played Pêre Noël. At 11 or so, she would say: "Now I must go to Father's office for a while. If I miss Le Pêre Noël, please make my excuses." The boys never questioned that, either. Father was in the hotel business, and often had to go out at night. Tonight, Mother went instead; it was very simple.

clock watchers . . .

After she left, they glued their eyes to the clock, as the hands crawled around, their ears straining for the peal of the bell he carried. At the crack of midnight, just in time to keep them from suffocating—kling, klang! Louis ran to the door. He entered—white-robed, white-hooded, white-bearded, pack on back. What child could have dreamed that this large and venerable ancient was his masquerading mother?

His voice rumbled explanations. "I'm getting old and tired. I have many children to see. Therefore I come by the elevator instead of the chimney. It's quicker. Also a little cleaner. Have you been good children?"

"Yes, Papa Noël," quavered the boys.

His presence was awe-compelling. As Louis explains it today: "He had a kind of super-power over you. He was human yes, but a human who has always been there and *will* always be there and knows more than any other human in the world. When he says something, it shakes you."

The gifts were distributed. "I would like you to sing my song," said Le Pêre Noël. The boys drew close together, and to their father they suddenly looked very small. "Begin. Mon beau sapin—"

"Mon beau sapin, roi de forêt—" and so on to the end.

"Good. Now I must go. I am busy. Do not forget me—"

They kissed him on both cheeks. "Au 'voir, Papa Noël. Merci, Papa Noël."

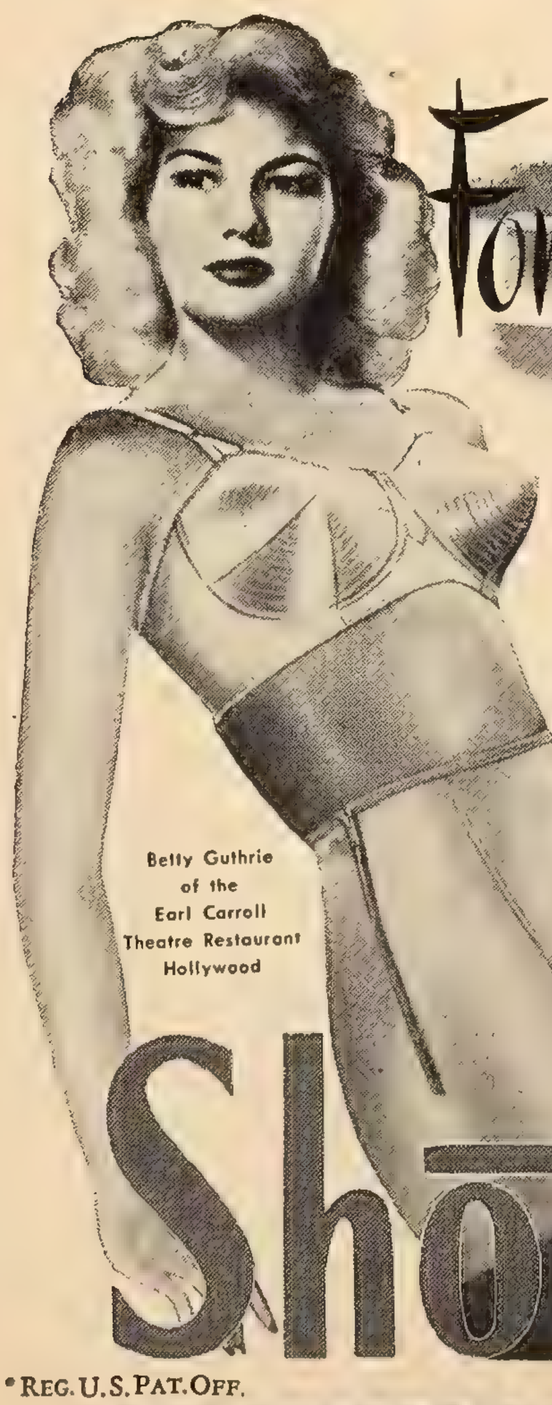
Then he was gone, and the solemnity with him, and all of a sudden you felt

LITTLE LULU



Little Lulu says...Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why Kleenex* is America's favorite tissue. You pull *just one* double tissue at a time—up pops another!

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Bev and Rory Calhoun at Withers reception.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

A week in Hollywood, again, and this time to cover JANE WITHERS' wedding. Events began with a bang when DICK CLAYTON rushed me to a preview, and then to a party at SHEILA and KATHLEEN O'MALLEY'S, where I rediscovered BILL and BOBBY MAUCH. Then came a series of lunch dates with GLENN LANGAN, RICHARD WALSH, DAN DURYEA, and JOAN LORRING, who invited me to the set of *Big Sam,* and introduced me to GARY COOPER and ANN SHERIDAN. Wandered over to the *Portrait of Jennie* set and watched JOSEPH COTTEN, and JENNIFER JONES, at work. Met ROSS HUNTER who took me driving, and got back just in time for my dinner date with BOB ARTHUR. Friday was wonderful. Dinner with DICK CLAYTON, DIANA LYNN, and BOB NEAL, followed by Jane's wedding rehearsal, where I met and chatted with lovely JUNE HAVER. Then left the gang, and went with handsome, blond, RKO actor MIKE STEELE to Ciro's, where we danced alongside of LANA TURNER and PETER LAWFORD. Saturday was devoted to the wedding, which I attended with ANN BLYTH, LON McCALLISTER, JUDY CLARK and RORY CALHOUN. Rory drove me to the reception, and there it was a series of reunions with, and introductions to BUDDY PEPPER, DON DEFORE, SCOTTY BECKETT, MARSHALL THOMPSON, JOHN DALL, CESAR ROMERO, BOB HUTTON, AUDREY TOTTER and many others. Our crowd then went to the Mocambo, where I had a chance to see and meet GAIL RUSSELL, LOREN TINDALL, CARY GRANT, DICK POWELL, JUNE ALLYSON, PHILLIP REED, and DAVID ROSE who gave me a beautiful lei of gardenias. Sunday consisted of breakfast at the McCALLISTERS', GAIL RUSSELL'S birthday brunch, and my wonderful farewell party at the O'MALLEYS', with 40 of the young Hollywood crowd dropping in to say goodbye. It was all such fun, and I managed to gather loads of info for you, so if there's something you want to know, write to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

very gay and relaxed, and Mother came home and you opened your gifts and the Christmas feast was served—turkey and champagne and la bûche de Noël—pastry in the shape of a Yule log. And next day Mother and Father went to mass with you at your school and all together, parents and children, you sang:

"Il est né le Bon Enfant—
Chantons-nous son avènement—"

Christmas for Maureen O'Hara began early. One advantage of being an Irish girl in Dublin is that you start chopping suet and preparing the other ingredients for the pudding, way back in September.

"For Christmas," Maureen says, eyeing Bronwyn, her only child, a little wistfully, "you need a large family."

The O'Haras were a large family, four girls and two boys. With Mother and Dad and two in help, that made ten around the kitchen table, chopping suet. You bought it in a lump, and chopped on a wooden board with a long knife. Every night you got a little done, and wrapped it up tenderly in cheesecloth till the following night. You also chopped candypeel, and grated bread crumbs. Storemade breadcrumbs? Perish the thought! You'd have grated your fingers raw before giving up one of those lovely, laughing sessions round the kitchen table.

Then came the mixing, on a Saturday night, with all your relatives there. While Grandfather lived, he mixed the pudding. Straight and tall, he stood at the head of the table, and that was the first time Maureen couldn't catch her breath.

"My memory of Christmas is being so breathless with wonder, I never could get enough air into my lungs."

the stirring moment . . .

On Mixing Night, the high moment came with your stir. Because once the pudding was well and truly mixed, everyone got a stir, starting with the elders and on down in order of age. The stir itself was exciting enough but, more exciting, you could take a wish with it, and the wish was bound to come true unless you told it to someone—which you'd rather die than do.

Next day, the pudding was cooked for five or six hours, then tied into a pudding cloth like a ball and hung behind the kitchen door. Every time Maureen passed it, she'd give it a loving pat for hanging there so sweetly to remind her that Christmas was on its way. . . .

For Anders, Margarita and their little sister Viveca Lindfors, the holidays started with Lucia Day. In Sweden, the days begin growing longer on December 13th, which is called Lucia Day, the Day of Light.

lucia, queen of light . . .

At home, Mother was Queen of Light, and served you breakfast in bed, which gave that day a special color to begin with. But the real glory was Mother as Lucia. You weren't supposed to wake till she came in. But from sheer excitement and not wanting to miss the first glimpse of her, you did. Snuggled under the covers, you'd watch for the door to open and there she'd stand—her long white gown belted in red, on her head the Lucia crown of lingenberries and lighted candles, in her hands a tray with hot chocolate and saffranskusan, the special cake of the day. On account of the candles, she had to walk very slowly, so you had plenty of time to rub your eyes and pretend you'd just awakened. Not that Mother was ever deceived.

From that moment on you had the Christmas feeling. At school, one of the girls was Lucia, and there'd be a party with coffee and saffranskusan. And at night, the torchlight procession. Always you hoped for snow, and almost always you got it. Under falling snow, Stockholm looks like a fairytale, and especially with the trees and windows a-glitter, and the sleighbells ringing, and the Queen of Light riding in a huge sleigh with Gammelfar, the old Christmas Man. The Queen, chosen by contest, was always blonde and beautiful.

"But never," smiles Viveca, "so beautiful as Mother. . . ."

nine nights of song . . .

Three evenings later, in Torreon, Mexico, Ricardo Montalban would be setting out with a bunch of his friends for the first *posada. Posada* means inn, or shelter. For nine nights, Mary and Joseph sought shelter vainly before finding it in the Manger. So, on each of the nine evenings before Christmas, Ricardo and the others would gather in the patio of friend or neighbor, and lift hopeful young voices in the *posada* song:

"Weary pilgrims, we come to your door—
Shelter from darkness we beg and implore—"

"No, no, no," came the hard-hearted answer. But these were children in Mexico, not Mary and Joseph on the road to Bethlehem. So, after a few more carols, and a little more imploring, the door would be opened into a house in darkness. You'd be led inside by the hostess, a blindfold tied over your eyes, a stick placed in your hand. By a rope from the center of the room hung the piñata—an earthenware jar filled with candies and little toys, and dressed in bright paper to look like a rooster or peacock or a huge flower. The trick was to break the piñata with your stick. Each child got three whacks, but whoever held the rope would try to maneuver the piñata out of reach. In the end, of course, somebody hit it. You'd hear the crack, snatch off your blindfold, up went the lights and off you'd go scrambling for anything you could grab.

Ricardo was born in Mexico of Spanish parents. So he had the benefit of both Mexican and Spanish tradition. The *posada* was Mexican. So was the letter he wrote to El Niño Dios, explaining what he would like for Christmas. This precious paper he entrusted to Mama, while across the ocean Maureen's note to Santa went up the flue of the fireplace. Among them, the O'Hara kids had it figured out that Santa sailed around with a gardenstick, jabbing letters out of chimneys.

And on Christmas Eve, the night Louis Jourdan was visited by Le Pêre Noël, Viveca Lindfors received her presents, too. In the Lindfors family, a huge laundry basket was placed under the piano on Lucia Day, and into this everyone dropped packages. Day by day, the bright pile mounted and, when no one was around, the children would pick things up and shake them and try to guess what was inside.

It happened that Mother's birthday fell on the 23rd, so they always had the tree finished by then, and the children always helped. Instead of our colored balls and tinsel, they used glittery cotton and scarlet apples and animals made of gingerbread—and right in the middle of the tree, where he could watch the proceedings comfortably, sat Gammelfar, the Christmas Man. From year to year, the same old Gammelfar, without whom Christmas would have been unthinkable. He was so important that when Mother married, Grandmother gave her a Gammelfar exactly like the one she'd had from *her*

(*Continued on page 82*)

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)



My Wild Irish Rose: Singer Dennis Morgan falls in and out of love with Rose (Arlene Dahl).

Morgan) begins with a tugboat in Buffalo, New York. He has an understanding mother (Sarah Allgood) who gives him her blessing when he decides to go on the stage, although she has no particular faith in his singing ability. He tries Broadway, but Broadway regards him with a cold and fishy eye so he goes back upstate. He starts working in a small hotel bar for Nick Popolis (George Tobias), who is the proprietor.

It certainly isn't the stage, but there is a very pretty girl around named Rose Donovan (Arlene Dahl). She almost makes up for the lack of an audience. Chauncey and the bellboy, Hopper (Ben Blue), manage to contact the Haverley Minstrel show which has just come to town, and by some extra-curricular activity actually get Chauncey a job singing with them in black-face. It looks as though Chauncey is on his way to a successful career on Broadway—at last!

When the show goes to New York, Rose, who lives there, brings her wealthy father to see the show. He is definitely not impressed. Anyway, he wants Rose to marry Terry O'Rourke (Don McGuire) and no more nonsense about minstrels. Terry, in fact, sends some of his "boys" around to beat up Chauncey. They'd no idea he had been taught to fight by William Muldoon, the Iron Duke, himself.

But the fight causes Chauncey to lose his job. It isn't until he meets Lillian Russell, the famous beauty, that his luck begins to turn. Before you can sing "Polly Wolly Doodle" (which he does), he is Miss Russell's leading man. Even then "My Wild Irish Rose" remains his favorite tune. If he loses Rose for a little while, it's his own fault.

For a highly colorful finale, there is a production number called "The Puck Fair."—*War.*

ADVENTURES OF CASANOVA

Casanova (Arturo De Cordova) in this latest version of (Continued on page 96)

Is your marriage failing
because you still live in
Shameful Ignorance?

**Then Learn Here—
The Real Truth
About These
INTIMATE
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Often a young wife is more to be pitied than blamed when her husband starts acting cold and indifferent to her. She may have had no one to turn to for *proper scientific* knowledge she could trust about intimate feminine cleanliness.

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(*Continued from page 80*)

Mother, and now Viveca has one, too, who will sit on her Christmas tree this year in California.

After breakfast on the 24th, the whole family went together to deliver gifts to relatives, who treated you to a sweet hot drink called glögg. The best things about glögg were the almonds and raisins in it. To a Swedish child, Christmas means almonds and raisins. They may turn up through the year as well, but it's not the same. They *belong* to Christmas.

At four, you sat down at home to Christmas dinner.

"Nobody," says Viveca, "goes away to somebody else. You stay with your family. It's always the worst day for bachelors."

Dinner was served in the kitchen, a custom handed down from other times when, for this one day, master and servant sat on equal terms. In modern Sweden, there's no such sharp sense of division, but the custom remains. The family and those who work for the family eat together in the kitchen. There's a big smorgasbord, and ham baked with prunes and a very thin hard bread that comes from the north, and a special fish called luthsk, which Grandmother cooked. Not to hurt Grandmother's feelings, Viveca always took some on her plate and waited for Anders to sneak it off. She thought it tasted awful. He was crazy for it.

Before coffee and cookies, a rice pudding was served with one almond hidden in it, and whoever got the almond would be married before the end of next year. Viveca got it at the age of eight.

"I don't wish to be married. I think I am not old enough."

"I agree with you," said Father.

"Still I would like to eat the almond—"

Mother saved the day by exchanging it for another, that had no nonsense about it.

Afterward, you trooped into the living-room, and Father pulled the great basket out from under the piano and read aloud the little verse he'd written for each gift, before handing it out. And once the packages were opened and exclaimed over, you all joined hands in a circle to dance and sing round the Christmas tree.

By then you were pretty tired, but even if you hadn't been, it was time for bed. Because next morning you'd be going to church at five. Of all the Christmas wonders, that morning remains with Viveca as the most wondrous.

a white Christmas . . .

Getting up in the hushed darkness. The sleigh waiting outside, and the bells tinkling as the horses tossed their heads. The torch Father gave you, warning you to hold it carefully. Driving across the white snow through the clean air, looking up at the stars that had shone on Bethlehem. All the other sleighs going in the same direction, torches aflame, bells ringing, and the way the sound of the bells seemed to heighten the stillness of the air.

In front of the church, before going in, you thrust your torch deep into a snowbank. Viveca always turned at the door for a last look. It was so beautiful. Torches burning quietly in the quiet snow for the birthday of Jesus.

What Ricardo remembers best is the sense of warmth and intimacy, the feeling of how dearly he loved everyone, and how they loved him on Christmas Eve. How gay they were at table with turkey and roasted chestnuts and dried fruits and the Christmas candy from Spain which is called *turron*, and wines of all colors. How still gayer after dinner, with their songs and stories. How Father, more or less stern as a rule, was so jovial. How Ricardo danced with his mother.

Since his brother and sister were so much older, Ricardo was like an only child. It was to him alone that Mother at last said: "Come. El Niño wishes to see children in bed when they should be in bed."

The grownups wouldn't go to bed for hours. They'd stay up till 3 in order to attend Rooster's Mass, the Mass of the Cockcrow. So Ricardo bade them goodnight and placed his shoes on the sill outside his bedroom window, and tried like mad to go to sleep very quickly, in case El Niño Dios should find him awake and be angry.

In the morning he'd open his eyes on a bright package lying on the pillow beside him. Another at the foot of the bed. Two under the chair. You never knew where they'd be, or how many. And always, in the shoes, some extra gifts that you hadn't even asked the good Niño Dios for.

After church, you'd visit your friends, and carry with you the thing you were proudest of. Nor was that the end of Christmas for Ricardo. His parents had brought from Spain the custom of celebrating also the Day of the Wise Men, which fell on January 6th. The gifts of the Wise Men were as splendid as Christmas gifts, and Ricardo was grateful to them and loved them.

"But not so well as El Niño," he told his mother once. "He was small like me."

As torches in the snow held pure enchantment for Viveca, so did the carolers for Maureen. Night after night, six children hung from the windows of the O'Hara house, wrapped up against the cold by parental order. The carolers were coming. Clear and sweet, you first heard the faint chime of the bells they rang as they walked. Then closer and closer, till you could hear the voices, and at last they rounded the corner—crimson caps and scarves and mittens, lanterns held aloft at the end of a stick, for all the world like some picture in a Christmas card.

"O Little Star of Bethlehem," they sang, and "Once Upon a Midnight Clear," and the children ran down to give them money to buy gifts for children who might otherwise have none.

By Christmas Eve, the house was beautiful with holly and serpentine. A sprig of mistletoe hung in the hallway. If a young man kissed you under the mistletoe, he had to give you a pair of gloves, so you'd find the girls sort of hanging around. Not that kisses were much of a treat at their age, but gloves were always nice.

Like Ricardo, they were sent to bed early, since the big day with the Irish is the 25th. The children slept two in a room, Maureen with Margot. From the foot of each bed hung two long, black stockings. Charlie and Jimmy, youngest of the brood, wore socks and said it wasn't fair and tried to get away with hanging their pillowcases.

"Greedy children get nothing," said Daddy, but he did let them borrow stockings from their sisters.

All the bedrooms had fireplaces. Unlike Ricardo, Maureen tried like mad to stay awake and catch a glimpse of Santa. She never succeeded. But if she had, she'd have seen him. Daddy was taking no chances. When he tiptoed in to leave the gifts in the fireplace, he was in full Santa Claus regalia, in case one of his darlings should wake up.

come all ye cousins . . .

At 5:30 or 6, the squealing and chattering started, continued through breakfast and till they left for church. Dinner was at three. With uncles and aunts, there were sixteen round the O'Hara Christmas table. First, you pulled the cracker at your plate, and stuck the paper hat on your head, and laid the whistle aside for later. Then you polished off the Christmas bird with accessories, and the pig's head, cooked and covered in chocolate icing. Then the table was cleared, and Mother disappeared kitchenward.

Maureen knew exactly what Mother was doing in the kitchen. There sat the pudding on a platter with holly all around, and the very best bit of holly that came into the house stuck on top. Now Mother was pouring brandy all over it. Now she was striking a match, setting fire to it. Now the lights were turned out and a hush descended.

Enter Mother, bearing the pudding all aflame, signal for pandemonium. Pounding and stamping and whistles blowing and hugging one another and crying, "Merry Christmas—oh, merry, merry Christmas." And suddenly, the tears running down Maureen's face.

"What are you crying for, silly?" demanded Charlie.

"Because it's Christmas, silly," sniffled Maureen.

"And a very good reason, too." Daddy, who never missed much, was smiling at her from the head of the table. "Now let's all have our pudding."

"In Ireland," says Maureen, "you say Merry Christmas to every stranger on the street. Because at Christmas time nobody's a stranger—"

"It's like a fresh new world," says Ricardo. "As if for the first time you all really knew each other—"

"You send clothes and food to people who don't have them," Viveca says. "Nobody has to be hungry at Christmastime. Everyone has to be kind to everyone else. It's the day Jesus was born—"

And Louis Jourdan says: "When I think of Christmas, I don't see any more Le Pêre Noël, but my mother and father. Especially my father, who died two years ago. It's the day you forget little details against each other, and draw closer together. Not only with your family, but with all human beings. It's the day for bringing human beings together. What a pity it shouldn't be this way also tomorrow—"

What a pity indeed! For not till it is, will peace come to our earth.

DO YOU CARE?

Christmas dinner this year may once again be a gala affair at your home—as it should be. But throughout the world there will be too many, too sick and too hungry to enjoy the true spirit of Xmas—UNLESS YOU HELP THEM. You can feed a whole family in Europe for a month, or keep a baby alive and warm, or bring happiness to an orphanage. You can do this through the CARE Christmas Plan. First, decide whom you'd like to help. Perhaps you have friends or relatives in Europe. Perhaps you only know that you'd like to help someone—a nurse, a child in Greece, a widow. Whoever it may be, talk it over with your family and friends. Ten dollars will provide 22 pounds of food or a carton of warm clothing. A postal card or a phone call to CARE (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe) 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y., will get you more complete information. Make your own Christmas a merrier one by giving someone else your CARE!

FOR A HAPPIER NEW YEAR

(*Continued from page 25*)

force that worked through entertainment —but beyond it. Pictures like *Best Years* and *Gentleman's Agreement* showed us Americans as we are. Human—imperfect —but trying always to fashion a better America in accordance with the simple moralities of life. Such pictures carry the torch of international understanding. They have believability. They stimulate an inner feeling that all of us in the world are alike. They nourish the instincts of love and friendship and sympathy on which our survival is based.

The recognition of this truth has guided you strongly in your work in the immediate past. We are proud of you. Proud because you proved to all the world that in the midst of your search for entertainment, you in Hollywood have stopped a little and thought and struck at the forces of disunity.

We trust you will continue fighting, guided by the same high principles, in the critical time ahead. Certainly you will not achieve what you are after with every picture, every attempt. No one does; neither a mother in her every effort to teach her child; nor a diplomat in his every effort to chart a nation's course. You, as they, are subject to failure, occasionally privileged to triumph. You are criticized when you fail. You criticize yourselves. You ask for no praise when you succeed. The good is there—for the world and for you, because you are in the world.

May your efforts to make ours a better world prevail in 1948!

PARDON MY FRENCH

(*Continued from page 48*)

—a passport and a French visa being required. Six days later, Dennis was on the train to New York, his luggage filled with soap, cigarettes and books on how to learn French in a hurry.

Director Delmer Daves and leading lady Viveca Lindfors—the new Swedish star—were already in Paris. The idea was to shoot all exteriors (about one-third of the movie) in France, and finish off the interiors, duplications of actual rooms in French buildings, on stage 16, Burbank, California.

In New York, Dennis caught a TWA plane. First stop, Newfoundland; second stop, Ireland; third stop, Paris. When the plane let down at the Paris airport, Dennis was still a "one-word-French-speaker," despite the books in his luggage. (As a singer, he had learned to pronounce the language with authority, but that was the end of it.) Five minutes on French soil, and the Hollywood star found himself encircled by reporters from the Parisian dailies. They fired away and he listened hard, but this man who can sing the whole of *Manon* and *Faust* in French couldn't make out what they were asking. "Je suis very dumb about French," he was telling them, when a representative of the Warner Brothers' Paris office came to the rescue.

They went directly to the hotel, the George V, which had housed Nazi officers during the occupation, and now is filled mainly with American travelers and a very few Parisians. The hotel prices are out of the reach of the normally well-off Frenchman. Dennis describes the hotel as "modern and swanky" but with certain odd features—his room was two floors above the elevator's last stop. There was no soap in the bathrooms because there is virtually no soap in France. The only other inconvenience at the George V was the four-day dry period.

Dennis had come back to the hotel, weary and wilted, after a day of shooting in the Paris streets. The heat, 105 degrees with lots of humidity, had broken all records since the inception of the Paris weather bureau. Dennis threw off his clothes, got into the shower, turned on the spray. No water.

He called the hotel desk: "What's up?"

A main had broken. Repairs might take several days because of material shortages. They were sorry. Dennis paced the floor for a few minutes. Then he called the porter. A short time later, a hot and grimy Delmer Daves strode in and found Morgan relaxing in a tub of six gallons of bottled water. A happy bath, even if it did cost Warner Brothers eight dollars. Daves trotted right back to his room and did likewise.

With this exception, the life of a foreign traveler in Paris was exceptionally comfortable, though expensive. In the top restaurants, meals were true to the many-course French tradition. And the wine was divine. Back in Hollywood, Dennis had heard about European food shortages. "They've had a hard winter; the papers say more than half the wheat crop of France was ruined," he told his boss, Jack Warner. "Won't we be unwelcome, extra mouths to feed?"

Warner said no, and explained that before the war, American tourists had spent a lot of money in France, and were a large factor in her trade balance. France was now desperately short of dollars with which to buy food, fuel and raw materials in this country, and for this reason was actually *anxious* for tourists.

So Dennis ate his first French meal with a clear conscience. It was a fabulous meal at a fabulous price—3,000 francs ($25).

"That's a typical price for a first-class restaurant meal these days," says Dennis. "The ordinary Parisian can't afford such prices since an average salary runs about 8,000 francs a week. There is practically no meat for sale in Paris except on the black market. We saw several horse meat stores, and people queued up in front of them.

The bread, people complained, was worse than during the war—it had been taken off coupons, was back on again. Butter was rationed and wine had just been taken off in an effort to keep people's minds off the poor bread.

Gas is rationed, even to taxis. Drivers work until their ration is exhausted. There were 20,000 taxis in Paris before the war; now there are 8,000. As a consequence, the drivers are apt to demand more than their meter reads. One night, coming home from riding roller coasters with Viveca in a Coney Island sort of spot in Montmartre, Dennis was charged three times what the meter registered. The actor paid up but as he walked toward the hotel, the driver came running after him with his hand out. "Service, mon-

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Marie Hammel, New York, N. Y., says: "I used to wear a size 20 dress, now I wear size 14, thanks to the Spot Reducer. It was fun and I enjoyed it."

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sieur, service! S'il vous plaît."

All he wanted now was a tip!

Dennis found Paris beautiful, but not gay. "You see that she has been through something." The people are tired, worried about their second-rate position among nations. "There is not much happiness," says Dennis. On the streets he saw little of the much-publicized extreme styles invented by the Paris couturières. He's not the sort of fellow who'd be caught dead at a fashion show or even shopping for female apparel (his coming-home present for Lillian was perfume) and the only glimpses he had of long dresses was in fancy restaurants and hotels. Only the inflation-money class, and Americans, can afford "the new look."

american in paris . . .

In his time off, Dennis was a typical tourist, although the heat was awful, the streets almost deserted. He bought flowers for his French friends from the outdoor stalls in the Place de la Madeleine, looked over the little bookshops along the quay by the Seine. They were selling "Forever Amber" there, as "L'Ambre," for the outrageous price of 1,000 francs ($8).

In the burning sun, "a Van Gogh sun," he walked through the Bois de Boulogne, down the Champs Elysées, stood in the Place de la Concorde, strolled on under the great chestnut trees in the Jardin des Tuileries. The dahlias were out, and there were geraniums and yellow fuchsias. Everywhere, the colors were wonderful; delicate, warm colors—reds, blues, whites and blacks—old, black stone walls around white houses, like the paintings of Utrillo.

In the rain one day, Dennis went to the Ile de St. Louis—a little island in the Seine—to admire the Cathedral of Notre Dame. "It was so exciting, at last, to see what I'd read about. To look up at the gargoyles, for instance, and suddenly discover they were there for more than just decoration—they stretched out from the towers spitting rain-water."

He was awed by this church, and by the many other examples of Gothic and Renaissance architecture. "To think that men could build such terrific edifices without machines or even the help of steel!"

The first day's shooting on Dennis' picture took place in the Place des Vosges, "and old, old square—pink brickwork and pale blue shutters—built before 1600." Dennis and Viveca spent most of the day getting in and out of a taxicab in front of the palace of Cardinal Richelieu, and great crowds gathered to watch.

Dennis spent a great many evenings with members of the French crew that worked on the picture. A good feeling developed, despite their difficulties with language, between the visiting Americans and the Frenchmen—most of the fun taking the form of not too hilarious practical jokes which were more easily understood than conversation. But Dennis was often homesick, and apparently there wasn't anything more welcome than the sight of another American in Paris.

He saw Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon, a few Los Angeles businessmen; he and Paul Lukas (who was in Europe to work on another American movie) played some doubles with Marcel Bernard, the present tennis champion of France, and Toto Brugnon, one of the four great all-time French players. They played in the Bois at the Racing Club de France on those beautiful, brick-red *en-tout-cas* courts, surrounded by clumps of green trees. Dennis was paired with Bernard, but they lost. "I was nervous, to put it mildly."

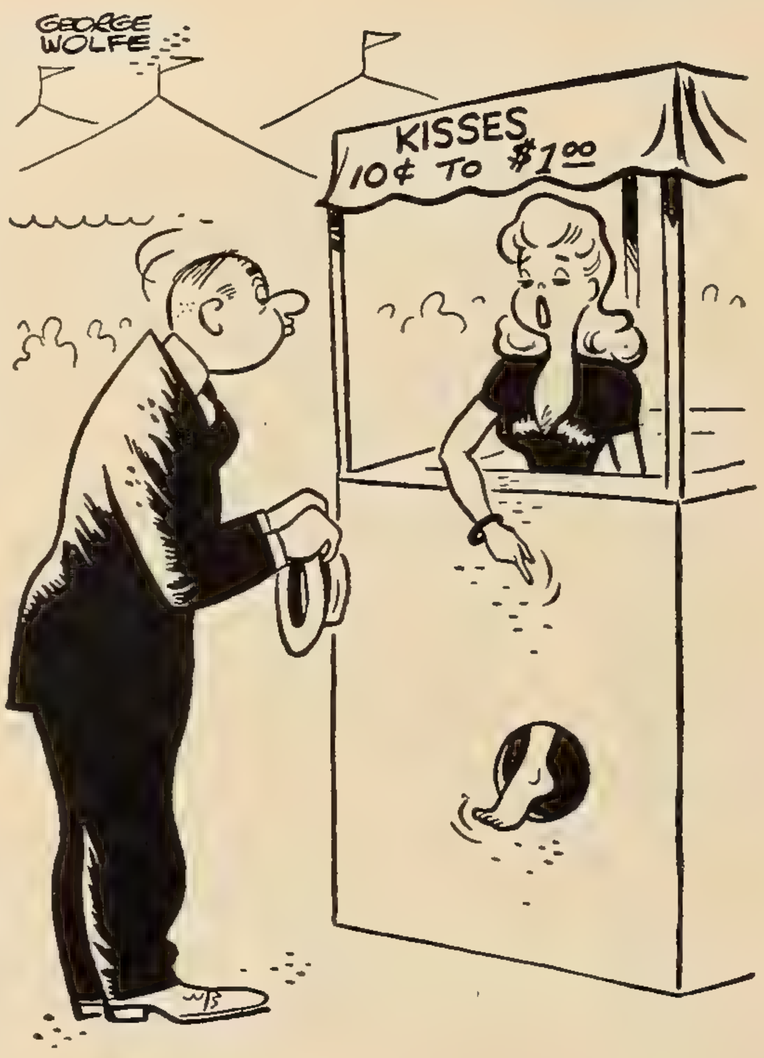
One night at the Café de Flore, meeting place of the literary world, he caught a glimpse of the most famous post-war Frenchman, Jean-Paul Sartre, playwright, magazine editor and founder of the philosophy called Existentialism. Their slogan: L'Etre et le neant (Being and nothing). Too deep for Dennis, he says.

It was not the season for theater or opera, but he heard a little story about one great French soprano, and it made him wish especially that he might hear her sing. The time was during the occupation. After a performance of the opera, a Nazi officer presented himself at the singer's dressing room to pay his compliments. When the Nazi heiled Hitler in greeting, the opera star took a long wait, then made the sign of the cross!

How a citizen behaved toward the cupiers is still a matter of burning importance, Dennis found. Those who took the easy way and accepted favors have not only been politically purged, they have been purged artistically as well.

Dennis saw a good many people living in houses pockmarked by shells and rifle fire, and he saw railroad tracks with white patches in them everywhere—temporary patches made after the fighting was over.

MODERN SCREEN



"What do you expect for a dime?"

The French underground had been tremendously successful in sabotaging the railroads, but then, after the war, they had to suffer the awful problems of having almost no transportation system at all.

It was virtually impossible, for a long while, to get food distributed evenly, hence the days in 1944 and '45 when people were reported to be burning butter to light their houses in Normandy, while in Paris, butter was selling on the black market at fantastic prices. Since then, a miraculous job has been done on the railroads which are running almost normally again.

Like all good tourists, Dennis devoted one evening to the Folies Bergère, a lavish spectacle with low comedy, torrid dances and beautiful girls clad only in plastic fig leaves. Dennis found the show less sizzling than its reputation. He was more impressed by the set designs than by the numbers and the music.

His favorite nite spot was the Monseigneur. The place seats about 75 customers, who are richly entertained by an orchestra of 38 ambulant strings—the players wandering among the tables.

Most impressive part of the trip, however, was the period of living in a small town in Normandy, and shooting on Omaha Beach, scene of the 1944 invasion. "One of the great sights of my life," Dennis says. "It gave me a funny feeling inside." Terrible reminders of the war are still there on the beach—mangled landing craft and German gun installations.

"When you look over the tremendous number of gun installations, made of five-foot-thick concrete walls and reinforced by pieces of iron, you wonder how our men ever, ever got through. Only a direct hit or a grenade could knock them out. The great guns criss-crossing the beach, holding everything under their cover. In between, machine gun nests. Yet our men came in and went right up that hill! Makes you feel like you're in church, a sacrilege if you don't remove your hat."

Just a few hundred yards from the beach, on the other side of the hill, he visited a small, well-kept cemetery. The hastily constructed sign stands there as it was originally written: "First American cematary in France, World War II."

Twelve miles in from the coast, in the town of Treviers, Frenchmen like to point out a small church, partially destroyed by American shells. The clock on the steeple is intact but stopped—the hands standing at 6:30 (6:30 A.M., June 6, 1944). In the courtyard, a bronze statue of a French soldier, monument to Frenchmen killed in World War I, still stands.

peace comes to omaha beach . . .

Today, people swim among the landing wrecks on Omaha Beach, and the children play happily in the sand-filled pillboxes. The American tag has taken hold, the locals still call the spot Omaha Beach. There are even streets in Normandy named for GIs. When the troupe from Hollywood set up cameras and began shooting, crowds gathered and friendships were made despite the language barrier. Dennis met some of the F.F.I. resistance fighters, and gained a notion of their part in the invasion. Their code phrase, meaning the invasion at last is about to start, was "Nancy a le torticolis." It means, "Nancy has a stiff neck."

Dennis talked with a young resistance fighter who had been caught by the Germans and taken off to a concentration camp. He told of men being made to stand in the snow with no shoes, and how they worked carrying stones and of being made to put one finger on the floor and crawl round and round with the finger held in one place, pretending they were gramophones. The man, Dennis noticed, couldn't move one of his feet.

When they returned to Paris, Dennis was more homesick than ever. Every glance at the photos of his family, which he'd stuck under the glass on his bureau at the George V, made it worse. Suddenly, one day, he turned to the phone and put in a call for home. He could hardly wait for the wonderful American sounds of his children. "Hi Dad," they'd probably say. "What's cookin'?" The wait was long. Finally he got through to them. His daughter, Kristin (aged 10), came on first.

"Bonjour Papa," he heard, "comment ça va? Le chien est tombé dans la piscine, et moi, je l'ai sauvé."

"Piscine, what's piscine? You worry me," he said.

"Oh Daddy," she said, "how could you be so ignorant? Everybody knows that's the swimming pool. Now listen! Reviens à la maison bientôt—et apportes-nous beaucoup des câdeaux."

A few hours later, he was remembering all this with a smile. Maybe, he thought, he'd better find out about câdeaux, so he searched around in his luggage for one of those books—and it's a good thing he did, too, because he learned he had some shopping to do before he caught that plane for home.

DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS "THE BISHOP'S WIFE"

(*Continued from page 14*)

the simple story, adapted with taste and economy by Robert E. Sherwood and Leonardo Bercovici from Robert Nathan's novel, Cary Grant plays Dudley, an unorthodox but captivating angel who appears in a set of brilliantly tailored mufti on the streets of an American city and performs deeds of helpfulness and charity ranging from the merely Boy Scout to the truly miraculous.

His great good deed is accomplished when he responds to the prayer of an earnest but temporarily over-worldly young bishop (played by David Niven) and after irritating him considerably, brings him back to the realization that Heaven is served in slums as well as in great cathedrals, and that comforting the poor often is more rewarding than impressing the rich. Dudley is assisted in this reformation by the bishop's wife (Loretta Young), a creature so kind, unselfish and genuinely virtuous that she makes an admirable aide for an angel.

It is a long time since a movie has dared to exhibit such a faultless heroine; she could easily have turned into a caricature of Pollyanna or an annoyance to every other female in the audience. But Loretta Young plays the part with feeling, sincerity and a commendable lack of glamor in the false-eyelashes sense of the word, with the result that it comes off beautifully.

The entire cast is fine—David Niven, who is properly harassed but charming, Monty Woolley who is a joy, the ever-competent Gladys Cooper and the always satisfying James Gleason.

And that Cary Grant! He is not only more attractive-looking than ever before, if possible, but he is guilty of some of the most brilliant acting of the year in *The Bishop's Wife* (such timing! such a sure sense of comedy!) and I hereby sentence him to an Academy Award.

I have no complaints about my own guardian angel, whom I have never seen. Quite the contrary—he has been remarkably efficient in getting me across streets, keeping airplanes containing me in the air, and getting me out of various types of hot water. But if he looks like Dudley, I certainly wish he'd materialize. And if he hovers over me while I sleep, I go to bed with makeup on—starting *tonight!*

DOUBLE IN HEARTS

(*Continued from page 16*)

able to read their stars, they certainly would have shunned the month of March for marital ventures. It was certainly another odd coincidence that spurred them to tell the world that they were both washed up with the effort to find wedded bliss on the very same day—June 16, 1947—and just about an hour apart.

Strangely, June and Mark have never been in the least interested in each other. They have starred together, but they have little if anything in common, run with entirely different crowds, and see very little, indeed, of one another away from the studio.

But isn't it an irony to watch them in 20th Century-Fox's musical portraying the life of Joe Howard, the songwriter—wondering "Who's Kissing Her Now"—and to realize that Mark and June were battling their own heartbreak at the very moment they were making those ardent scenes.

Shall we put it down as another coincidence that another songwriter like Joe Howard is pouring his heart out in another torch ditty? A 23-year-old lad named Jimmy Zito sits in his lonely room writing a song which he has already titled "Junie," turning his heartbreak into a melody about the girl he loved and married, but couldn't keep.

They had one of those story-book love stories, June and Jimmy. It all started with what our elders call "puppy love," in the summer of 1941. Jimmy was blowing the trumpet in Ted Fio-Rito's band. A cute little blonde from Rock Island, Ill., chock full of talent, and as pretty as a Watteau painting, walked into a rehearsal session for a tryout as vocalist. Ted took one look at her, and June got the job. Her first salary was $75 a week. Jimmy Zito, then just turned seventeen, took one look at her and fell in love. She was fifteen, and her smile even then was an angel's. Jimmy was earning $125 a week, and though he was helping to support his mother, he began planning a little cottage for two.

But the path of true love was never smooth for June and Jimmy. Ted Fio-Rito brought his band to California. Not only did June come along; her father and mother and two sisters also pulled up stakes for the land of sunshine. Her career as a band singer hit a snag as soon as they arrived. She was under age—much too young for the California law to let her be a thrush in night clubs where liquor was served.

Jimmy traveled around the State with the band while June stayed behind in Beverly Hills concentrating and studying very hard with the idea of carving out a career for herself in the movies. Both youngsters had their eye on the ball. Jimmy was a precocious kid to be tooting his horn with an important name band. He was up where the competition is scorching hot, and he didn't get there by fooling around. He had marvelous talent, but talent alone isn't enough. You've got to have a "hard lip" to play the trumpet, and that means long, grueling hours of work and practice.

Then came the time when he was struggling to get his own band established—and there again, the competition is hotter than the inside of a jet motor. Nevertheless, he found time to phone June regularly.

What I'm going to tell you now never has been told before for publication. It's the real, inside lowdown on what went on between Jimmy and June.

I found Jimmy Zito at Immig Manor, a popular de luxe resort hotel at San Diego, where his band was playing a long engagement.

"I called June an awful lot on the phone," he told me. "Why? Well, I just couldn't resist it, that's all. Say, during all the years we were separated after we met in 1941, I talked to her so many times that even the telephone company must have lost track. I've always loved June, always wanted her, and I've never stopped for a minute. Even if I go to South America, which I'm seriously considering, I know I'd never forget her. She's under my skin for the rest of my life."



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No, one, through all those years, ever suspected that Jimmy was carrying a sizzling torch, or that June was the least bit serious about him. I remember when she was dating Victor Mature, and there was much talk of an impending elopement to Las Vegas with the volcanic Vic.

June's mother quickly nipped that romance in the bud. Next, June and young, personable Dr. John Duzik, a Wyoming youth who set up as a dentist in Hollywood, dated steady. But during all this time, June would hurry home to listen for the tinkle of the bell that told her Jimmy was on the phone.

There was one time when June called Jimmy. She got him on the phone in Chicago.

"I'm so tired of all this playing around," she told him. "I want to belong to you, Jimmy. Let's announce our engagement!"

"What she said made sweeter music than any I ever heard from a band," Jimmy said to me. "I rushed right out and invested $4,000 in an engagement ring, and in nothing flat, I'm flying to Hollywood with the ring snugly tucked away in my trumpet. And I slipped it on her finger—oh, happy day.

"But my dreams blew up three days later. June handed me back the ring and said she guessed it was all a mistake, maybe we shouldn't be engaged after all. She said it was a big, expensive diamond, and she shouldn't have accepted it in the first place. Well, so what? I sold the ring for less than half of what it had cost me, and believe me, I was a disillusioned guy.

"That's when I suddenly realized June was away up in boxcar figures when it came to her paycheck. I heard she was drawing around $2,500 a week, and it's a lucky hot lip boy who gets that much in ten weeks. So I took myself and my trumpet right out of her life. But she wouldn't let us stay out. Soon she began calling on the phone again—and so did I.

"I came out to Hollywood in January, 1946, with Tommy Dorsey. I had to loaf around because I didn't belong to the union here and had to get that straightened out. I didn't call June at all.

"One day, I was in Beverly Hills playing baseball with a bunch of boys in a park. I looked up, and there was June walking toward me. I don't know how she found me, but it started over again.

one big happy family . . .

"Oh, those wonderful weeks that followed! Her family liked me, or at least they acted as if they did. When we decided to go to Las Vegas and get married, they all went along. While June and I were honeymooning in Santa Barbara, we never had a cross word. But after we came back, and I went to work at the Meadowbrook Club, and she was going to the studio every day to play in *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay,* it seemed we were both so tired all the time we began getting on each other's nerves.

"Then, too, we were living with her mother. After the first few weeks, I began to feel more and more like an intruder.

"Instead of turning to me, her husband, for advice, June turned to her mother. Then there was a whispering campaign started against me. I couldn't put my finger on it, but so many things were said about me that June must have known in her heart they weren't true. After all, let's face it, we weren't strangers. We'd known each other pretty well for six years.

"I had to go to Salt Lake, and June said she would join me there as soon as her picture was finished. I had a sinking feeling that she wouldn't. I believe that if we had gone to live by ourselves in our own apartment from the very beginning, we never would have separated.

"She called me in Salt Lake the day after her twenty-first birthday to break the news that she wanted a divorce. It knocked me silly. I chartered a plane and flew to Hollywood. It cost me $600, and all I got out of it was three minutes of very cold and formal conversation. I found it impossible to see her alone, so I gave up and returned to Salt Lake after telling her I would sign any papers that were needed for a quick divorce. She sent me the papers, and I went through with signing them, but she didn't file them. And then, the first thing I know, she's calling me again, and I'm calling her.

"When the band went to Seattle, she joined us there, and toured a lot of small towns in Washington and Oregon, even singing with the band, like in the old days. We were in love—listen, I mean in love—and so, so happy. We came back to Hollywood again, and she wanted me to live in her house, like before, but I refused. I told her we had to get a place of our own. I went to live with friends and she went back to her mother.

"One weekend, she left her mother in Catalina, and picked me up early in the morning. We went to her house and made plans to take an apartment. We found a little place, a motel called Carl's, at the beach. Her mother thought that wasn't good enough for June. We moved then to Sunset Towers, a swanky place on the Strip.

"That ran into a lot of money. I found I couldn't keep up my end. After all, I was just getting my band together, and it takes a long time and a tough battle to get in the black these days. We finally found an apartment that I thought was just right, and signed the lease. But it was too good to be true. Her mother said she thought it was silly for June to live cooped up in a little apartment when she had such a lovely home. She said she would go east to visit friends, and we could have the house all to ourselves. Yeah, we bought that idea, too.

"Her mother didn't leave town. We saw her every day just the same as always. June arranged a reconciliation party with a few friends of mine and hers. Everything was going fine until, toward midnight, who should show up on the scene but her lawyer?

"I daresay I made myself heard after our guests had departed, and there we were, breaking our hearts all over again. I packed my things and left, and the very next day she filed her divorce complaint. But listen—I'm not going to let her get that divorce so easily. I'm fighting it, and I'm fighting because I know I love her, and I think she loves me. If we could just be left alone until we could get over the adjustment time, I think we'd make it."

Thus Jimmy Zito baring his heart for the first time. The boy has taken a lot on the chin. I'm not saying who's right or who's wrong in this regrettable crack-up, but this I do know—gossip has been cruel and merciless to that boy. He's been writing songs to take up the slack of his lonely life. There is one he has finished called "Jamie," the name he and Junie had picked out for their first baby.

June, too, is trying to forget. She announced recently that she intends to adopt a baby from The Cradle in Evanston, Ill. Her religion will not permit remarriage, if the divorce goes through.

"Why does she want to adopt a baby when we can have one of our own?" Jimmy wonders impatiently.

the brighter side . . .

We wouldn't know. On the other hand, it's pleasant to report that the affairs of Mark and Annelle Stevens show every sign of being on the mend.

Last authoritative word I had was that there were still a few kinks to be ironed out in their financial arrangements. Mark assures me that everything's wonderful. When he decided to go back home, it was almost embarrassing to hear the things he was saying about what a fool he'd been, but no one can say either that he didn't earn his self-abasement, or that it didn't go all the way. The boy was practically abject, marveling that he could have been such an idiot as to have left his wife.

He went around town beating his breast like a town crier, calling attention to the nonsense he'd been guilty of. He even went on Louella Parsons' air show and told all who would listen that he'd made a fool of himself, but it was all over, and from here on in, he intended to fly right.

There's no denying that through the ordeal, he's had a very level-headed little girl at the helm of his marital bark, and a very understanding one, too. A woman does not easily forgive and forget when a man's peccadillos have been so prominently in the public eye. Those romantic days at Lake Tahoe when Mark and Hedy Lamarr were discovering each other were idyllic enough, but not to a bride.

I've learned that one of the difficult issues in the Stevens family concerned finances. Mark seemed to take the attitude that the heavy coin he was being paid by 20th Century-Fox was only stage money, to be tossed down the drain. Annelle has a very lively sense of thrift. She looks to the future—especially to their son's future. The reiterated talk about frugality eventually gave Mark a severe pain in the neck. He'd worked long and hard to win his place in the cinematic sun, and he wanted to relax and enjoy it.

He worked very hard in *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now.* Then with little rest, he went right into *The Snake Pit* with Olivia De Havilland, an exacting chore. Maybe we can't blame him too much for suddenly spinning off as part of a romantic tandem with the beauteous Hedy. She didn't lecture him about thrift and economy, though she does know something about a buck herself.

Perhaps Annelle realizes all these things by now. Perhaps she knows she didn't speak idle words when she took her marriage vows. There are a lot of reasons for taking a wandering husband back, and doubtless she knows 'em all. Anyway, when I talked with them, they were planning their trip to New York, a sort of second honeymoon.

But don't ask me to gaze into a crystal ball and predict the future of Annelle and Mark, or of June and Jimmy. It takes a superman or superwoman to battle all the marital hazards of Hollywood and lick 'em.

expecting . . .
shirley temple
on our
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THE "BRAT" GETS MARRIED

(*Continued from page 47*)

so many presents Saks-Fifth Avenue will have to get married if it wants to get some of its stock back.

June Haver and Diana Lynn, both bridesmaids, gave two of the showers. June had an ice-cream cake made up in a Cupid and heart shape, and no one was allowed to have a piece until Jane had finished photographing it.

"Hurry up," June complained. "It's melting."

"No sentiment," Jane complained back. "Thinking of your stomach, and my happiness in the balance."

June dimpled sweetly. "Balance it quick, and let's eat."

Friends also gave Bill a shower. Every guy who came brought a bottle with him, and Bill stood there, staring. "Liquor shower," they explained, as they filed in, one by one. "You're all wet, old man—"

He was touched. He said so. "I'm touched," he said. "In the head, I guess. Look at the kind of friends I've got."

The wedding was scheduled for Saturday, and the Thursday night before, Bill was given a bachelor dinner at Lucey's.

Everybody sat around and went to work on him. The usual stuff. But he refused to feel like a condemned man. He was happy. After dinner, he picked up his wine glass and held it high. "Jane!" he said solemnly, and they all drank that down, and then Bill dramatically hurled his glass against the mantel piece.

It would have been very effective except for the fact that a chip of glass flew back and hit him in the nose.

"Wounded already," a kind pal said. "And the battle not yet begun."

At 6:30 Friday night, the wedding rehearsal started. Mrs. Withers and Mrs. Moss cried, and everything went beautifully.

The wedding was Saturday, at four.

Jane had tried on the dress so many times. It was a dream. Conventional bridal satin, yards of it, and the trim of tiny seed pearls, and the head-dress straight out of the French Renaissance. Or if it wasn't, it was close enough.

And now she was getting into it for the last time, and she had thirteen hands, and none of them any good to her. Bill had given her a small white Bible to carry; she picked it up shakily, and somebody hung two lockets around her neck —something old, something blue.

There was a borrowed penny from Jean Schmid, the matron of honor.

"You gave it to me when I was married," Jean said, handing it back.

"Did I?" Jane asked brightly. "Did I, really?"

Somebody stuffed her bouquet into her hands. Roses and lilies, and white satin ribbon. "Hold it up, don't trip—"

All the things leading up to the minutes in the church; all the half-remembered fragments, until finally she was standing there, while the minister spoke, and then Bill was kissing her self-consciously, the way people kiss in public, and she grabbed him, and kissed him again, on the cheek.

They were out in the street, eventually, and then in the car, and then at the Withers' house.

The reception was in the garden. From the terrace of Jane's playhouse, an orchestra played. There was an improvised dance-floor laid under the trees, and white water lilies drifted in the pool.

In the playhouse, the wedding presents were on display, and all around the garden, tables and bars were loaded with bottles of champagne, if you felt like floating. If you were in a more solid mood, there was ham and turkey and a whole lot of caviar.

And if you felt like shaking hands, there were Jane and Bill under a canopy, doing the honors.

Shaking hands was the least of it.

People kept coming up with questions. "Where're you two going?" they'd say cutely.

"Away," Jane and Bill would say, equally coy, and when they got weary of that, they'd start making up other lines.

"Around the world," she'd say.

"But not first class—" this from Bill.

"Tramp steamer—"

And everybody'd grin, but the funny part is, they meant it. Not for then, of course. Only some day—

Bill will have a few pictures finished, and they'll be settled enough so they have a place to come home to, and one morning they'll take off.

But for the moment, they laughed with their guests, and glasses tinkled, and the pool was cut into smaller pools by odd, bright reflections from the lights, and the music got softer as the night pushed on, as though the men who were playing had grown a little mellow, or a little tired.

From time to time, Jane would look at Bill. So many important things to say, and out of them all, she'd come up with, "Nobody fell in the pool."

He'd think the thing over, giving it careful consideration. And then he'd say seriously, "No, nobody did." And grin. "It's been a lovely party."

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT JUNIE?

(*Continued from page 41*)

Junie-bug."

MODERN SCREEN had thereupon taken the problem to Dick Powell. "Look," it had said. "Write how she isn't always cute, your wife. Write how she doesn't bless everybody's pointed head."

But he couldn't. When he finished his article, she was still cute. Cuter, even.

So they—the editors—finally settled on me. "He's her husband," they said deprecatingly. "But you—you're unprejudiced. Go see the girl. Take a stop-watch. Stay away from ice-cream sodas. Go there coldly, fishy-eyed.

And let us have it straight. Is she there, or did we make her up?"

I went. But first I checked everybody else in town who'd ever heard of Allyson to find out all there was to know. I read her official biography at M-G-M. It said she loved sailing, among other things. Yet everyone in Hollywood claims Dick Powell sold his boat because June couldn't stand the water. Significant? If you're me, yes.

You check with Dick at RKO, where he is making *Stations West*, and show him the biography. He says it's wrong. June hates sailing. You check back with M-G-M, and they say biographies are based on stars' own statements, and therefore there can't be a mistake.

Then you find out from people who know June well that she used to be wild

You have a Date with '48

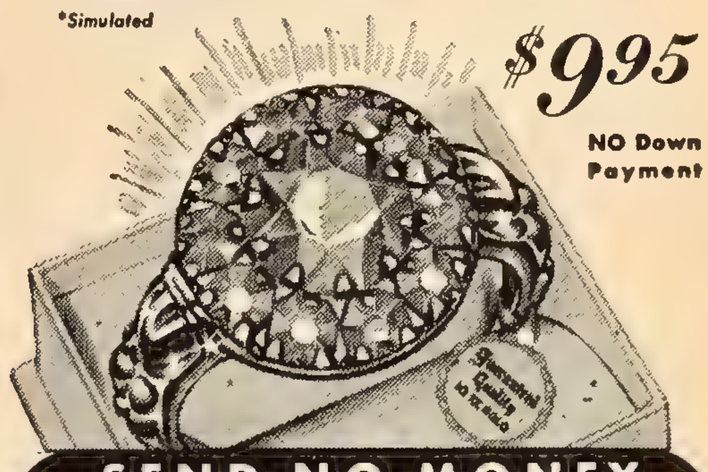
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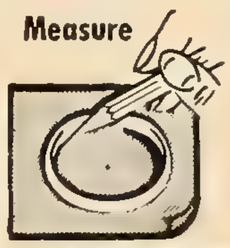
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about sailing, but changed after her marriage. You dig further, and finally a confidante of June's snitches.

Both Dick and June love to sail. But June soon noticed that Dick always got bad sinus attacks after a cruise. Knowing he'd never admit that his favorite sport got him down, she didn't point it out. Instead, *she* began to complain of not feeling well after a sail. That was different. Dick decided he wasn't going to make June suffer, and he got rid of the boat. And June's eyes narrowed into that adoring little squint of hers, as she thanked him for being so thoughtful! (When Dick reads this, it's going to be a surprise. He *still* thinks she can't stand the water.)

The idea for a bit of feminine strategy like that just doesn't come out of the blue. You have to sit down and think it out. June, if she is to be credited with any advantages, did have to start thinking early in life. Her not too happy childhood, spent a good part in hospitals, and later in steel back braces, as a result of being hit by a falling tree-branch, may have had something to do with it.

She remembers her first dance, at the age of fourteen, because she was wearing a brace under her dress at the time. She also remembers it because of the look on the boy's face when he put his arm around her and felt the metal. His mouth fell open, and with the clumsiness of youth, he started to ask her what she had on. June fled, tears spouting, and never went to another party or talked to another boy until she'd won her first job on the stage, freed at last from the cage she'd had to wear so long. It was during the period between the party and her first job that she started her thinking and planning to get somewhere in life—somewhere even further than girls who had never suffered from a trick back.

The odd thing is that many youngsters with this sort of beginning grow into rather grim, introspective adults. June, however, had a natural interest in people, and learning how others felt and thought helped her to manage her own life and affairs.

She was dancing in a Broadway show when her first movie bid came in the form of a telegram from Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M. She didn't call her agent. She didn't have one then because she didn't think she was important enough to interest one. She proceeded to negotiate a contract all by herself. The wires went back and forth between Hollywood and New York for two months. At the studio Mr. Mayer was surrounded by a battery of legal experts on contracts. In New York, June was surrounded by the none-too-cheerful decor of a furnished room.

best brain forward . . .

The studio wanted her for just one picture, *Best Foot Forward,* which she had done on the stage. June insisted on a term contract. She got it. As they will tell you now at M-G-M, June not only knew what *she* wanted, she knew what M-G-M wanted! It is one of Mr. Mayer's pet jokes.

It was a nice piece of business, but June isn't particularly proud of it. She is more proud of being fair in life, of something, for instance, that happened only recently in connection with her latest picture, *Good News. Good News* is a top production, boasting some of the studio's most important stars, yet its director, Chuck Walters, never directed a picture before in his life! He had only handled dance sequences.

June's friends rose up in protest. Her agent cried no! How could the studio entrust one of its biggest stars to a man making his debut as a director?

There was a conference between June and the studio heads. They told her they had only one thing to say. They had taken a chance on her when she made her first picture; was she willing to give another newcomer similar consideration? June got up, said, "Of course," and the meeting was over.

Now, for those who doubt June's personality, here was a working demonstration of June applying a little shot of it. What do you suppose Chuck Walters thinks of her for helping to give him his first chance? Or any of his friends? Or any of two hundred other people around the studio who were closely connected with the production and wanted it to have June's star-power? Or, leaving the studio, what about the company's salesmen who have to sell the picture and the exhibitors who have to play it? They knew they were going to get a film version of *Good News,* but they hardly dared hope it would have a top star like June to make it doubly appealing.

Take another incident. It is pretty well known that Edwin Knopf, who has produced some of June's best pictures, is crazy about her. You ask why, and someone says it's because Knopf considers her one of the most considerate and cooperative of stars. You pin down your informant, and you get a typical example.

When Knopf was making *A Sailor Takes a Wife,* the picture fell behind schedule. Late one afternoon, a new scene was being set up and the cameraman ran into difficulty lighting June. The lights seemed perfect for her stand-in, but didn't seem to click on June at all. Finally, the cameraman gave up fussing with the arcs and went up for a close look at her.

"June, what's happened to your complexion?" he asked. "Your face has a ruddy look to it, that I can't shade out."

She had no answer. On impulse he touched her forehead. "Why, you're burning up!" he cried. "You've got a fever!"

She nodded, and slumped into the nearest chair. A doctor found she had a temperature, and ordered her home. She had known that morning when she awakened that something was wrong, but she also knew that Knopf was behind, and she didn't want to delay him any more.

Maybe you would have a good slant on June if you happened to be a bit player in one of her pictures. Even if you have only two lines to say to her, June will rehearse with you as conscientiously as she will with a principal or the star playing opposite her. More than that, she'll help you on your lines, and then ask you to coach her on her own. "She partners up quick," comments one extra.

June is human. She has done some mean things in her life. She still does. But when realization hits her, she marches right up to the party she has hurt and makes a full confession—and a staunch friend. When she was nine years old and in a hospital ward, she stole the money-bank of a little boy in the next bed. She was going home the next day. That morning, dressed and out in the street, she couldn't stand it any longer and ran back to the boy. In front of him and the nurses she told what she had done. Everybody cried.

Soon after she started at M-G-M, June became jealous of Gloria De Haven. Gloria was gorgeous. The makeup experts fussed with her for hours. June they disposed of in fifteen minutes. Soon after that Gloria began to get in wrong with the director; she was always coming in late on the set, while June was always on time. Gloria said nothing but looked at June in a puzzled way. Then, one day, Gloria did something very thoughtful for her.

It was too much for June. She ran to the director and told him the truth. She had made it her business to watch for Gloria's arrival at the studio every morning, and then duck into the makeup chair just ahead of her. There she would stall and insist on elaborate attention until she knew Gloria could never be made up in time for the set call.

a true confession . . .

After she told this to the director, June ran right to Gloria and repeated the whole story. She didn't spare herself; admitted her jealousy of Gloria's beauty.

There is only one reason this story can be told. June and Gloria are the best of friends. If any two girls understand each other, they do. June makes it her business to be on the same footing with everyone else she meets or works with.

Perhaps one of the most revealing things about June is that you never hear just average comments on her. They are all specialized, as if well thought out.

Talking about her work, one producer will say, "She has magical presence on the screen. Some of the most talented actors and actresses know that the second they get in front of the camera they'd better start acting or there will be a lull. Their presence counts for little. It's the opposite for June. Just seeing her is almost enough."

At the opposite end of the studio personnel is the young, third-assistant director who has to summon June to the set when a scene is ready to go. "She doesn't play hide-and-seek with you, like so many others," he says. "She knows I'm responsible for having her ready. Just when I'm told to get her, I turn around and there she is coming up and giving me a reassuring wink. Boy, is a girl like that a comfort!"

I considered the testimony gathered so far:

". . . considerate and cooperative . . . fair . . . gave me my chance . . . honest with herself . . . magical presence . . . boy, is she a comfort . . ."

But wait a minute! According to the MODERN SCREEN Popularity Poll, June was something new and unbelievable in personalities. And these things that her friends said about her, they were nice, but weren't they just the plain, old-fashioned virtues? Could the answer be as simple as that?

I didn't know, so I went to visit June, myself. And I'm still gasping; I'm bowled over. What charm! What gaiety! What a personality! And they wanted me to tear that cute little girl apart! I'm insulted.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Victor Mature returned to his home town of Louisville, Kentucky, to play a one night stand, the theater was jammed. After the show had been going about fifteen minutes, a loud commotion broke out in the aisle. A local photographer who had worked his way down front with his camera, discovered he'd forgotten his flash bulbs. Mr. Mature said, "Well?" The photographer started back up the aisle, but Mr. Mature called, "Wait!" Then he reached in his sock, threw him a flash bulb, and posed for the shot.

Sgt. Don Edlin
San Francisco, Calif.

ALOHA, JOAN!

(*Continued from page 50*)

pressed Christopher and Christina considerably. At the party in Joan's stateroom, they scrambled around inspecting portholes and trying beds, while Joan grew tearful.

"I thought for a minute you were going to follow them clear off the boat," Theo said later. "Cheer up. Think of the good long rest in Honolulu."

Joan thought, and was mildly cheered. Six hours later, she and Theo were both so sick they had to keep each other from jumping overboard. Theo was sicker; she couldn't even go down to eat. Joan had dinner at the Captain's table, but she didn't gorge.

And when they docked at Honolulu, there were 15,000 fans lined up to see her arrive. "Oh, no, no, no," she murmured, torn between pleasure and despair. "How lovely of them to come, and how I wish they hadn't—"

She was terribly grateful and proud that 15,000 people should have cared that much about her, but she needed a rest, and it looked as though she wouldn't be getting it.

By the time she got to her room at the Royal Hawaiian, she'd decided that she and Theo would take the Matsonia right back, on its return voyage.

Before that, though, they had a couple of days on the island, and the days were wonderfully pleasant, full of sun, and exercise, and as few autographs as possible.

When they got on the boat again, Joan was wearing a lei she'd been given, and as the Matsonia pulled away, she threw the flowers overboard. (This is a custom which signifies the flower-thrower's intention to return some day.)

All the way home, Joan and Theo were only moderately seasick, and had to take fewer seasickness pills, which was fortunate, because they'd about run out of their supply.

They talked, casually, sprawled in chairs on the deck. "I think maybe I'll head for New York next," Joan said. "See some shows—*Finian's Rainbow*—buy some clothes—"

Theo began to sneer.

"—and take the kids with me," she went on.

"Oh," said Theo thoughtfully. "I see."

ANNIVERSARY STORY

(*Continued from page 57*)

Eve, it's because I've got sentimental reasons. It was on a New Year's that I had my first date with Paul, and felt my heart skip beats for the first time in my life. New Year's, two years later, my reaction was even more wobbly. In fact, a few days before *that* New Year's I thought I'd never last it out.

I'd been having the time of my life making *Centennial Summer*. We were on the very last shot, and I've never had a simpler scene.

I was sitting in a café set with Cornel Wilde and Bill Eythe, I remember, and Cornel was asking me to go somewhere with him. My line was easy as pie, just: "No, I can't. I've got something very important to do." But the words stuck in my throat. Heaven knows how many takes I wrecked before we finally made it, and I escaped, pretty much of a wreck, myself.

I couldn't say those words because I *did* have something important to do—the most important thing in the world to me. I was going downtown with Paul to get our marriage license, only it was a secret then and I couldn't tell a soul. And on Dec. 31, 1945, we started our honeymoon as Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brinkman. So I won't exactly forget that New Year's Eve.

Last year, my head was spinning as we drove home from the New Year's party—not from the champagne; one glass was my limit—but with all the wonderful things that had come our way. They say the first year of married life is the hardest, but it didn't add up that way for us. We'd found new friends, new interests, brand new worlds packed with wonders that only newly married couples discover. On top of that, I had finished *Margie*, and it was a hit; Paul's business was humming, too.

We still camped in an apartment so tiny we had to keep most of our clothes and all our wedding presents at our parents' houses. Our only family was Shah, our lion cub, who got dumped furtively in the laundry basket when the landlady came around.

But last New Year's we had definite prospects in both those departments. Our favorite Hollywood hilltop was already leveled off for our dream house, and the foundation was in. And we were going home early from that New Year's party because of doctor's orders. We knew before very long our baby would arrive.

All in all, back then I didn't see how 1947 could come up with anything more wonderful or exciting than 1946 did. But it has. During our first year together we planned our dreams. This year, they came true. When I look back through 1947 and count my blessings, I feel a little guilty.

Our prize thrill of the year, of course, was our son, Paul, Junior.

Last Christmas, before he was born, we were putting his presents around our tree and tagging them "For our darling baby boy, Paul." Somehow, I knew. I even described him to Paul. "He'll be just like you—brown eyes, brown hair. And," I stuck my neck out rashly, "he'll be born on your birthday."

He was a boy all right, but I didn't do quite so well on that father-and-son birthday project. Paul's birthday is April 10th, and Paul, Junior, arrived April 6th.

When Paul's birthday arrived, four days later, I had the birth certificate, complete with footprints, and all vital statistics, done up in blue ribbon and framed for him.

There could never be another year in our lives as memorable as this one.

There were the fears, worries and responsibilities of having our own live doll to raise and protect. There were those annoying two, four and six o'clock feedings we'd heard about, which turned into the happiest minutes of the day, even though they busted a night's sleep all to pieces. The first crawl, the first toddle from chair leg to chair leg. The first smile, and laugh. The first tooth.

And then one day I called Paul at the office. "He just said your *name!*"

"What?" yelled my husband. "Hold

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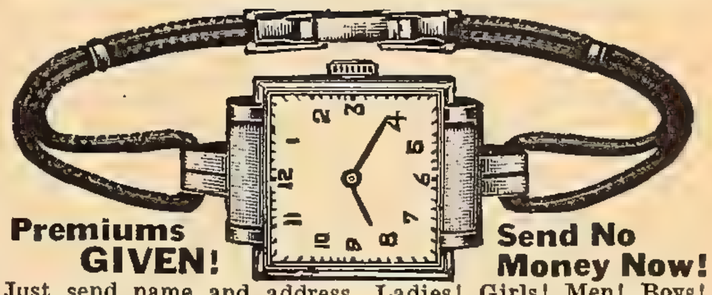
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everything. I'm coming home!" Soon his car raced up our curving drive, tires screaming, and Paul bounded into the house, out of breath. We bent over the crib, tense and eager. He finally said it, "Da-dee." Not long after came my turn, "Oh-mom"—and you can't tell either of us yet that Paul isn't the smartest baby ever born!

Scenes like that reel through my memory of last year like a movie—only I never saw a script that could catch my heart like a baby. I was never as proud of any job I've ever done in Hollywood as I was of the one measly little pair of socks I knitted for him. They were sort of cockeyed and out of shape, but I got more kick out of seeing them on his tiny feet than I would have got from a row of Oscars on my mantelpiece. That's how you get. How we got.

When my friends showered me with four huge baby books, I thought, "Good Heavens, what will I ever do with all these?" Already the four are full and bulging. Paul and I have taken enough film of our baby to make another *Gone With the Wind.* We're hopeless, proud parent types, I'm afraid. It's a bore, I'm sure, to others, but it's not to us. Not for a minute.

vacation for a new mother . . .

For a screen actress, I had the fantastically lucky leisure to enjoy my first months of motherhood without the distraction of a part to play. Most actresses must snatch precious moments of home life from a time-demanding career. It's a town tradition.

At the hospital, the studio phoned anxiously every day: "How long before you think you'll feel like working?" I was trying to rise to the occasion, but what I knew I wanted most was just days and days at home with our new baby.

Just as I thought I'd have to drag myself away, my picture, *Chicken Every Sunday,* was postponed indefinitely, and I had nothing but time on my hands! Only a brand new mother can appreciate what such a break meant. A few weeks later on, when *Julie* was scheduled, the same thing happened. (That time I was well up and around. In fact, I dashed daily down to Terry Hunt's gymnasium and took exercises to get in shape. *Julie* was to be a dancing picture and there was plenty of conditioning for me to do.)

I couldn't believe that second reprieve. It just doesn't happen that often in Hollywood. But it did to me. I didn't work for four months after Paul was born. By then I was dying, of course, to get back on a set. I had Paul brought over one day when Dan Dailey and I were making a scene in *You Were Meant For Me.* Paul paid me no attention, fell in love with my hairdresser, grabbed director Lloyd Bacon's glasses, and gurgled right in the middle of a take—Hollywood's unforgivable set sin!

No thrill can ever match the time I first held my baby in my arms, but next to that, this year's Big Moment for the Brinkmans was the day we moved into our home, at last. Paul and I had had the hill, four-and-a-half acres of it, all through 1946. It was up in Outpost, overlooking Hollywood, with a gorgeous view. We knew every pebble on it personally. Paul used to pick me up at lunch hours while I made *Margie* and we'd race through traffic and up our hill, against the clock, nibbling sandwiches while we planned.

That house was the symbol of our life together. When I knew I was going to have Paul, Jr., I made a resolution that he'd come home from the hospital to our house.

It was pretty rash to race the stork against a crew of builders, in times when vital materials were short, but I have a one-track mind about some things.

Well, the suspense was terrific. It seemed as if that frame would never, never rise, that the roof would never go on.

When I went to the hospital, the floors still weren't down. It looked to most people like my pet project was impossible. Both my mother and Paul's were pretty firm about bringing the baby to one of their homes. I just shook my head. Paul wanted our baby home as much as I did and I knew it. I checked with the hospital. "There's no shortage of beds right now," I told him, "and I can stay here as long as I like."

"That's expensive," grinned Paul. "Maybe I'd better get busy." I don't know how he ever managed it. Me—I stayed in the hospital two and a half weeks and three other mothers came and left before I did!

But when Paul lifted me across the threshold of our own house, I had baby Paul with me. And the floors were all down. The walls were plastered and the heat and plumbing in, too, but there wasn't any light, heat or hot water. There wasn't a rug in the place, and not a stick of furniture besides the baby's bassinette, our bed and two cots for the cook and the hospital nurse from the Abbey Rents. But there was a kitchen to cook in and running water and what more did we need? It was home sweet home to us.

In fact, the best times Paul and I have had all year are the days and nights we've spent working around our house. Paul's a great gadgeteer and fixit man. I'm a wonderful kibitzer. Paul, Junior, had a lullaby of hammers and saws, concrete mixers and the Diesel tractor gouging out the swimming pool. He slept right through it all, and got fat.

I was at the building site one day when a truck rolled up the hill and in the gate, and the driver handed me a gift card. "All my love with your gift-of-the-month," Paul had scribbled. Inside the truck was a big jacaranda tree! Our gift-of-the-month plan began when we were honeymooning, and it's been carried on ever since.

The jacaranda tree was promptly planted, and then it was my turn. I gave Paul ten different kinds of citrus trees, and he set them out. He topped me with the brick barbecue. I gave him another one right back, an inside electric one for the kitchen, with a rotating spit. That was the only mistake of all our gifts-of-the-month, I'm afraid. Paul's got our cook wild messing around the kitchen with it, and one night when we had dinner guests, they had to wait three hours before they could eat, because Paul insisted on cooking everything on that electric spit!

We've got the reputation of stay-at-homes, and we deserve it. When you're not measuring the windows for draperies around a new house, you're planting rose bushes, hunting chairs.

Paul and I had our first Father's and Mother's days this year, and Paul got a wonderful old Civil War officer's pistol (he loves guns)—from the baby, of course. I got another book on my favorite painter, Michaelangelo, and a white purse from my newest boy friend. For next year, maybe, I'll have the portraits I'm starting on both father and son ready for that paternal honor day. The one of Paul, Sr., is almost finished, and he wants to hang it beside the impression I painted of myself one reckless week last year. I won't let it inside our nice new house, so Paul keeps it out in his workshop—the "doghouse," he calls it!

Maybe by next year I'll have the studio with the North skylight Paul has promised to build me up by the waterfall, so I won't be cluttering his shop with all my paints and choking his gun racks with my canvas and brushes. And maybe then I'll paint better pictures.

Tops, too, on our must list for 1948 is another pet to replace Shah-Shah, our cute lion cub, who grew so big that we had to find her a new home in the zoo. We're very animal happy, and it broke our hearts to let Shah go, but cubs do grow up and get rambunctious.

visiting an old friend . . .

We took Shah over to her Griffith Park cage and left her there with her teddy-bear which she loved to play with around our yard. When Paul and I went back to see her again the other day, she almost tore down the cage trying to lick our hands and when we left, she had tears in her eyes. Yes, she did. That Shah is a very special type lion and we love her still. But we have a mountain ranger friend of ours hunting for a baby fawn. We can't wait to see Baby Paul's eyes when he spies that deer. Paul, Junior, is busy learning to walk right now, and he'll have a lot of plans, too, for the New Year, like growing, cutting a few more teeth, exploring the new world that widens for him every day—and bumping his curly head a few times.

But we all hope to take time off this New Year's Eve to celebrate our Second Anniversary where Paul and I spent our honeymoon—at Furnace Creek Inn in the heart of Death Valley. There's no lovelier place.

Not being the seventh daughter of a seventh son, I don't know what 1948 will hold, but it will be hard to top 1947 for us three Brinkmans—especially me. When at last you have both the baby and the house of your dreams, the husband you love and you go back to the work you love, what more can you ask?

The other day on *You Were Meant For Me* we came to a crying scene, and I ran into trouble. It's the hardest acting job of all for me, to break into tears on a set.

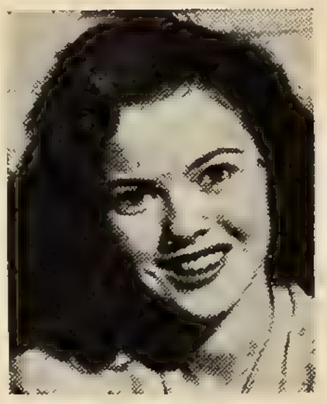
My director, Lloyd Bacon, volunteered advice. "Think of something sad," he suggested. "Run back through the year and see if you can't feel sorry for yourself."

I tried. I started with last New Year's and ran through all the twelve months. It didn't work. The only halfway sad thing I could dig up was Shah-Shah's trip to the zoo. But even there, I knew she was better off. "It's no use," I sighed at last. "I've been through 1947, day by day—and every one of them was perfectly swell."

He grinned. "Okay then," he said, "cry because you've been so happy."

So I did. *That* worked.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was eating lunch at one of our local drug stores, when someone next to me told the clerk she would have a sandwich on white bread. She was corrected by someone on the other side of her who said it would have to be on dark bread since it was more nutritious. Glancing up, I was surprised to see Shirley Temple and her parents by my side.

Thelma Cook
Marysville, Calif.

MISS PERFECTION

(*Continued from page 24*)

call on Antoine, the famous hair stylist, before we started shooting. Shorties were stylish then. I sat in the great man's chair first, and got glamor-sheared like a lamb in no time; then came Claudette's turn.

Antoine flashed his shears and made possibly three snips—clip, clip, clip. That was all. "No," said Claudette suddenly, halting the operation.

"But, Miss Colbert," protested the coiffure king, "this is the new style."

"Maybe it's new," replied Claudette firmly, looking critically in the mirror, "but I know how I look best."

When we walked out, Claudette's coiffure was maybe a mite shorter all around, but otherwise exactly as it was when she went in. Exactly, I might add, as it was when she first came to Hollywood, and exactly as she wears it today—a close bob, curled at the ends by her own hands. It's perfect for Claudette, and she knows it.

She can do practically anything for herself better than anyone else can. When she was a little girl, she wore button shoes and her mother, Mme. Chauchoin, used to try to button them up for her when she got dressed. "I wouldn't let her," Claudette told me once. "I knew she could do it in five minutes and it would take me a half-hour. But I had to do it myself. I'm still that way."

Sometimes I have to laugh at Claudette's utterly practical approach to her job. I visited her set on *The Egg and I* one day, and she was doing a hilarious farm scene with Fred MacMurray that called for her to tumble in squishy mud. It was nippy weather and the prop boys, who love Colbert, had heated the mud so she wouldn't get chilled.

One take passed, the director cried "Cut" and everybody left the set for a breather—except Claudette. She stayed in the mud.

"Hey," I said, "aren't you coming out? Do you like it there?"

"Yep, I do," came back Claudette. "If I come out, I'll get cold—and I'll have to get right back in, anyway. This mud's nice and warm. I'm staying."

paramount on parade . . .

Claudette came to Hollywood—and Paramount—before the parade of glamor queens hit. She watched them breeze in—Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Mae West—all in the spotlight, and certainly in the case of Mae and Marlene, a spotlight highlighted with shenanigans, poses and personal acts. Colbert didn't go in for that sort of thing; she just kept on playing good parts in good pictures and she was still there when the battalion of beauty rivals had bowed out. Yet all the time—then as now and ever—she was getting her way. She's called her own shots on every picture she's made in twenty years of stardom.

Except for once, she has never played a picture without reading the entire script in advance. The one time she skipped that canny rule, I happened to have a little bit to do with it. But Claudette's keen mind weighed the odds and made her decision.

That was when David Selznick offered her the part of Jennifer Jones' mother in *Since You Went Away.* What made her knit her cautious brows was the unfinished script. Selznick shot *Since You Went Away* pretty much on the cuff. It was his baby, and he wrote a lot of it as the camera rolled.

"Listen, Claudette," I pointed out one afternoon, "you know David Selznick has never made a bad picture."

"What's more," I went on, "you know if a picture isn't good at first, he'll do it over until it is. That happened with *Gone With the Wind,* the pappy of all box-office hits, and a couple of others, too.

"Okay," I summed up. "You're an actress. You like the part so far. You know you can trust David Selznick. It looks like a good risk, doesn't it?"

She thought just a few seconds. "That's right," she said. And right then she decided to do it.

Frank Capra, Mitchell Leisen and Ernst Lubitsch are her favorite directors. Frank made her first picture, *Love O' Mike,* years ago, also her favorite and Oscar-winner with Gable, *It Happened One Night,* and now he's got her again for another hit in *State of the Union.* Mitch Leisen steered a great Colbert movie, *Arise My Love.* But I think the one she likes to work with best is jolly, shrewd, twinkly Ernst. He's got a bead on that canny French head of Claudette's.

I remember one scene Claudette did with Gary Cooper in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.* She was supposed to jump on Gary's lap, muss him up with kisses and nibble onions at the same time.

so shy . . .

Sometimes Claudette gets a streak of shyness, and Gary's certainly no greeter. They were both self-conscious and stiff as boards. Before the scene, Claudette broke down completely.

"Oh, Ernst," she confessed, "I don't think I can do that—it's, it's just impossible!" She was actually blushing, and Gary was fidgeting dismally in his chair with exactly the same bashful block.

"Watch me," said Ernst, springing right onto Gary's startled lap, cigar and all. He cooed to the beet-red Coop, kissed him, snuggled and snapped off the scallions like the most coy cutie in the world, until Claudette and even Coop—shaken though he was—broke into uncontrollable roars. They did it themselves the next take, and had fun. I've always thought that Gary turned in his gayest, screamiest comedy in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.*

Lubitsch gets the palm for that breakdown—but another time, well—I tell her I'll always believe she cracked her ankle in *Arise My Love* on purpose.

Things weren't so rosy on that set before Claudette sprained and half-busted her ankle. Her leading man was stiff by nature and standoffish, even a little surly at being stacked up against an actress like Colbert. I'm not saying seriously, of course, that she twisted her foot as a cagey maneuver—but when she did, and had to be carried to and from the set and her dressing-room in the strong arms of that standoffish guy, what followed were some of the greatest love scenes ever put on film.

And I know something else, too. Not long after a certain young man won himself an Academy Oscar, he and his wife had dinner with Claudette and her husband in New York. The Oscar-winner arrived fifteen minutes ahead of his wife, and Claudette could tell he had something on his mind. Finally, he came out with it.

"Claudette," he said, "I want to thank you for my Oscar. If I hadn't played with you in *Arise My Love,* I'd never have won my award for *The Lost Week End.*"

His name? By now you ought to know. Ray Milland, of course.

Claudette's first interest, however, is her own career. It comes above everything

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else—save possibly her marriage. Most of her marvelous self-discipline stems from her deep-rooted Gallic desire to be efficient, good, and in shape, always.

I've had dinner at Claudette's when she stuffed her guests with rare morsels like sauerkraut cooked in champagne and crêpes suzettes for dessert. I lapped 'em up, but not Claudette. She has herself in training and under control always.

Claudette's a little embarrassed when you quiz her about her success. "I never really had any struggle at all," she says apologetically. She was a little French girl brought to America, raised in New York. She wanted to design dresses originally, sold a few sketches around New York for $3 apiece and decided that would never make her rich. So she gave a few French lessons to help out, and one of her pupils, a Broadway actress, said, "I can get you a part on the stage." Claudette's been acting ever since; part followed part, money followed more money—a Broadway hit, New York movies and then Hollywood.

dough-girl . . .

Claudette's one of the richest girls in town today. Away back when she was earning those first $50-a-week checks on the stage, she started a trust fund for her old age. By now she has a pack of gilt-edged securities. Her brother, Charlie Wendling, is her business manager and agent, but she works right along with him. Claudette's on my best-dressed list, year in and year out, but that doesn't mean she buys clothes every hour on the hour.

We two were wailing about the fashion revolution the day I saw her. "What are you going to do about these new hemlines?" I asked Claudette. She whisked up her skirt to show me her hem—four or five inches full. "I've always had all my suits and dresses made with a deep hem," said Claudette. "For insurance. Now I'm going to let 'em down."

Claudette's one big extravagance is her house. She wanted a beautiful colonial house, and she got it. Trouble is, it's too big—seven or eight servants can get lost around the place. During the war, Claudette moved into an apartment.

Because of her thrift, wealth and her direct, businesslike attitude, Claudette has been painted now and then as a tight-fisted Madame Moneybags. It's not true.

Just the other night, I was at a benefit for the Nursery School for Visually Handicapped Children at Harold Lloyd's beautiful estate. I was raising money, and I asked for $1,000 donations from the movie rich. Claudette's hand was the third one up, which is typical.

Claudette may have a heart for gold, but it's of gold, too. The day I dropped in to check up on her for MODERN SCREEN, she was rummaging through her clothes and stacking them in a huge heap. It seemed she'd given her French maid a vacation to visit her family in France, and when the maid returned and told Claudette of their desperate need for clothes, Colbert dropped everything and dove for her racks.

What Claudette's most wrapped up in currently, I think, is the wonderful plan her husband, Dr. Pressman, and some other visionaries have for a new hospital in the Beverly Hills-Westwood-Bel-Air section.

Dr. Pressman, a strong, intelligent, top-drawer physician, is every bit as much a worthy character as Claudette. He's a man of distinction, without the highball, a medical scholar, who dropped his private practice for duty as a Navy flight surgeon aboard a carrier. There's a little leather framed picture of Claudette in her den that he carried all during the war. Claudette giggled when I spied it. "Don't tell him, but it's a picture I had taken 15 years ago!"

Joel runs absolutely no risk, and never did, of becoming "Mister Colbert." Once in Paris, he and Claudette were scheduled to go to a very ritzy affair to meet the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Came the night and Joel begged off. "Mind if I don't go?" he asked Claudette. "There's a chance to talk to Dr. So-and-So (another French medical expert) tonight." Claudette understood perfectly, went on, and came back to find Joel and the scientist deep in discussion at their hotel when she returned. That, incidentally, was the first time she knew her husband could speak French. He'd been too shy to spring it around his expert wife, though.

If anyone can influence Claudette's ideas and tastes, it is Joel. He even worked the miracle of making her air-minded, though she hated flying until he came home from the war, got a plane of his own and started buzzing around. "It just shows you," Claudette sighed to me, "what you can do when you love a man. I fly now."

Claudette and Joel circulate in a fairly tight little social set; you never see them at a night club, and when the Pressmans are entertaining, the food is a chef's dream, the wine exactly right, the service faultless. Claudette isn't domestic, herself; she's too practical for that. "Why should I cook?" she once asked me, frankly, "when I can get someone a lot better than I am to do it for me?" Well, why should she?

I heard the other day that she was quitting acting in three more years, and I called her right up. "I'm coming out to do a story on you," I told her.

She laughed. "Well, since it's you." That was pure flattery, but a compliment, too. Nothing makes Claudette ache like talking about herself.

She was curled up in one of those comfortable chairs in her drawing room, when I got there. The sun came streaming in through the wide window, and Claudette wore a rust-colored shantung silk suit. It gave her a golden glow.

"Look," I said, "it's not fair to anybody, including yourself, to retire from the screen."

new career for colbert . . .

"Who said retire?" came back Claudette. "I'm just switching canvas chairs. I'm going to direct. I'm forty-two. In three years, I'll be forty-five. Cameramen can't keep this face and figger beautiful forever!"

For once I wasn't impressed.

"You look *twenty*-five," I told her. "Besides, what's forty-five to a modern woman?"

"Time to change," grinned Claudette, paying my remarks no mind at all. So three years from now, I'll bet she'll be the best lady director in Hollywood history, and I'll bet she'll make a ton of money, too. She always does. Why, a trust fund she started away back when she was a girl for her "old age" came due recently, and paid her off several thousand, and she put it in a certain silly-sounding venture and then was ashamed to tell even her brother and her lawyer.

"It was strictly my money," explained Claudette, "and I decided I'd have a fling with a folly and probably lose it." Uh-huh! Guess what she put it in—that Bub-a-Loon outfit with Matty Fox, the Hollywood gadget promoter, who hit a pure gold mine with those plastic bubbles the kids are blowing like mad all over the land. Heaven only knows how much money will come rolling in from Colbert's "folly."

"Lucky!" I sighed enviously. But luck, of course, has nothing to do with it. That gal just can't miss. Even when she blows bubbles, Claudette Colbert picks gold ones that can't burst!

THE LITTLE CRIB

(*Continued from page 24*)

I was sandpapering the crib. Green."

Mr. Sebastian nodded with professional approval. "What shade of green?" he inquired.

"Oh dear, I don't know." Teresa let her eyes wander to little strips of colored paint that Joe had carefully arranged on the counter. "This is pretty: Lettuce Green. But isn't that a lovely shade of yellow? Maybe yellow would be better after all."

crib of a different color . . .

She sat down on the stool. It was such a problem. If it were a girl, of course, pink would be perfect for her crib. But it would never do for a boy. And although blue would not be *too* bad for a girl, still, if it *were* a girl— A compromise color would be much safer. But would green be too masculine, or yellow too feminine? Or was it vice versa?

One hour and seventeen minutes later, Mr. Sebastian rang up a sale of $0.65 on his cash register, and Teresa Wright left with a small can of paint under her arm. White paint.

Two seconds later she was back.

"I forgot to ask," she gasped. "Does this paint have lead in it?"

Mr. Sebastian assured her that it had not.

The color of the crib was only one of the dilemmas that Teresa faced throughout the spring and summer. In many ways, she decided, the second child offered more perplexities than the first. When she had presented Niven with a son three weeks before Christmas in 1944, it had been a relatively simple matter. She had brought the baby home, named it Niven Terence for its father, and put it to bed in a nursery that had been furnished for the purpose. There hadn't even been, as she remembered, any conjecture as to its sex. She was interested only in having a baby, and Niven took it for granted that it would be a boy.

Now it was different. Teresa admitted to herself, as she would to no one else, that this time she wanted a daughter. She was not sure about Niven. With Peter and Tony, his two sons by a previous marriage, and Terry, it would seem likely that he was at last in a receptive mood for a girl. But when she had told him, in February, that she was going to have a baby, he had kissed her and said something rather strange.

"If it's a boy," he had remarked, "we'll have a polo team in the family."

If any other husband had said that, it would have passed as a lame sort of joke. But with Niven Busch, who objected to his career as a novelist only on the grounds that he could not write on horseback, it was probably no joking matter. He had already frightened his wife half to death by trying to teach two-and-a-half-year-old Terry how to ride bareback. And it was quite possible that he was all too serious about a polo team.

She considered this, as she thinned out the paint and prepared to apply it to the crib.

And there was the matter of Terry himself. Both Teresa and Niven recognized the psychological effect the arrival of a second child sometimes has on the firstborn. It would take considerable care and patience and understanding to prepare him for the birth of a little sister or brother, so that when he (or she) arrived, Terry would accept him (or her) without resentment or jealousy. It was a delicate undertaking, and they started on it one bedtime, when Niven was telling Terry his nightly story.

The bedtime story had long been an institution with Terry and his father. At first, Niven had spun tales of the Old West, complete with cowboys and cattle-rustlers, until Teresa had put her foot down.

"That's no kind of story to tell a baby," she had said firmly. "You'll give him nightmares. He should hear something more elevating. Like Bible stories."

So the next night Niven told him the story of David and his sling-shot.

The following night Terry asked to hear about David again.

"And his sling-shot?" his father asked.

"No. Tell me about David and his bicycle."

And so a new cycle of latter-day legends was slowly built up around the Old Testament hero. There was "David and His Baseball Bat," "David and His Ice-Cream Cone," "David and His Monkey," and many, many more.

Then one evening, Terry found his mother sitting on his bed, quietly telling him that before long she would have another baby, and that Terry would soon be a brother. When she had finished, she waited for the usual torrent of wide-eyed questions. But he had only one.

"Can Daddy come now and tell me a real story?" he asked.

Teresa left the room, deflated and depressed. She had tried so hard; chosen her words so carefully, and failed so utterly to make any impression.

In this, however, she was not entirely right. For a little while later, when Niven took his accustomed place by his son's bed, and asked what the subject of tonight's story would be, Terry deliberated for an unusually long time before he answered.

"Tell me about David," he said at last, "and his monkey's baby sister."

And novelist Niven Busch obliged.

The baby was due in October, and as the hot summer wore on and finally out, the Busch homestead in Encino echoed with the sound of hammers and saws, as additions were added and porches glassed in. Teresa kept working on the crib. In July, she read somewhere that Samuel Goldwyn had finished *The Bishop's Wife*, the picture she was to have made, and perhaps she felt a little pang of regret. Or maybe it was the baby kicking.

the time is now . . .

By September, she had the crib almost finished, ready for its final coat. It was, as a matter of fact, while she was mixing the last batch of paint that she decided somebody's timing was off. A hurried trip to the Good Samaritan Hospital confirmed her suspicion. Mary Kelly Busch was born on September 12, a full month before she was expected.

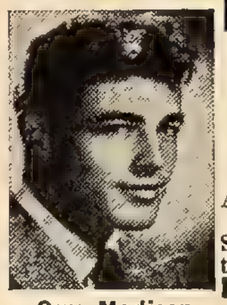
Mary Kelly Wright was the name of Teresa's grandmother, and perhaps her warmest admirer. When Muriel, as she was called then, decided she wanted to go on the stage, it was Grandmother Wright who supported and encouraged her. There were times, as a matter of fact, when she gave her almost too much encouragement. Like that night in Provincetown, when Teresa was playing a walk-on, and Grandmother Wright started applauding when she made her entrance and kept on clapping until she left the stage. Or that other awful time, during another performance, when Teresa, in the midst of a dramatic scene, heard the fa-



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miliar old voice suddenly boom out: "That's my granddaughter up there."

So when Teresa found herself on Broadway, as the ingenue in *Life With Father,* she delayed inviting Grandmother Wright to see the play. She was afraid of what might happen, and thought it would be better to wait until the excitement of the opening subsided and the play settled down to a long run. She'd have grandmother come in then some Saturday morning, and they'd have lunch together, and she could see the matinée. But before that happened Grandmother Wright died, and Teresa never entirely forgave herself.

She thought of these things as she lay in her hospital bed, watching the nurse exhibit the tiny parcel of blankets and pink skin that seemed to be her daughter. Then it was time for her to "rest." When she opened her eyes again her husband was beside her.

"She's a beautiful baby," he said. "How do you feel?"

She managed a smile. There was a pause.

"You know," he added thoughtfully, "there's no reason in the world why a girl couldn't play polo. If she were taught to ride properly, that is."

A few days later Teresa and Mary came home. While she was in the hospital, Teresa had covered reams of paper with diagrams showing Niven exactly how the baby's furniture was to be arranged in the nursery, and even careful catalogues describing what articles of clothing were to be placed in each bureau drawer. But when Niven carried her upstairs to show her the room, she let out a shrill cry.

"The crib! What's happened to it?"

Even from the doorway she could see the brush-marks, the black fingerprints, the coagulated rivulets of dried paint running down the surface like varicose veins.

"I thought you'd be surprised," her husband said. "We finished it for you while you were in the hospital. Terry helped."

And suddenly, Teresa Wright found that she was laughing. It was the laughter of relief and joy and wonder.

It was all over. And it was just beginning.

A CHRISTMAS SHE'LL NEVER FORGET

(*Continued from page 27*)

against snow.

Snow was all she needed to hear. Through winter after winter among the palms and sunshine of California, Ingrid had ached for Christmas in the snow. Alaska would be perfect. Only, before definitely committing herself, there was another member of the family to consult.

Pia was five then, a little young for understanding. Yet Ingrid explained so that Pia understood. About the soldiers who'd been in that faraway country for two and three years, to make the world a better place for Pia and children like Pia to grow up in. About how Ingrid wanted to go and thank them, but it would mean being away from Pia at Christmas time. Would Pia forgive her?

Listening, the little girl's eyes clouded with pity. "Oh yes, I *want* you to make them laugh."

"The only trouble," said her mother, "is I don't know what to do for these soldiers."

"Why don't you tell them stories like you tell me?"

That gave her her first idea. Hunting through story material that would fit Christmas, she found O. Henry's "Gift of the Magi," and made a simple dramatization of it. Then she could sing them some Swedish folksongs.

For that, her friend, Ruth Roberts, dug a Swedish peasant dress out of her attic. It was cleaned and made over to fit. For the rest, Ingrid packed simple things; not so much as a cocktail dress. Just plain clothes that the boys would feel at home with.

To round out the program, she wanted something serious, and decided on a couple of Maria's scenes from the Hemingway picture.

People warned her against this. "It's not even released yet. Besides, the boys don't go for that heavy stuff."

Maybe not, thought Ingrid, but it wouldn't hurt to try. If she found that Maria bored the boys, she could always drop her.

They were a group of five who left by train for Seattle. Ingrid, Neil Hamilton, actor and master of ceremonies, Joan Barton, the pert little radio singer, Marvelle André, hula dancer and Nancy Barnes, whose accordion supplied their only music. Her husband, captured early in the fighting, was in a German prison camp. On receiving the news, Nancy had picked up the accordion she'd never played professionally, and applied to the USO. Through all the weary years of waiting and wondering whether her own soldier would come home, she went wherever they sent her to bring what cheer she could to other soldiers.

At Seattle, the five got their Arctic issue—parkas and fur boots—then off to the north by Pan American Clipper. For Ingrid, Christmas started the evening they landed at Anchorage—when she stepped from the plane and lifted her face to the snowflakes, falling softly over layers already fallen. When, at Clemendorf Field and Fort Richardson (it was a huge base, combining the two) she saw their welcome, glowing in the men's faces. When they were taken to meet General Buckner—the same gallant Simon Bolivar Buckner who eighteen months later was killed on Okinawa—and he spoke his simple words of greeting and appreciation.

The big doings were scheduled for Christmas Eve. In the afternoon, they'd gone from ward to ward of the hospital. Now they stood in the wings on the stage of the auditorium. The boys had gone to work on the auditorium walls, painting them with reindeer and sleighs and fat Santa Clauses and—in one quiet space—the Manger and Child and the Three Wise men on their donkeys. Maybe it wasn't art, but it was certainly Christmas.

Neil went out first, then he introduced Nancy. Watching her, Ingrid felt that her manner set the keynote for them all. "None of that here-I-come-and-give-you—" she described it later. "Nancy just sat there and played, as if she were playing for her husband at home."

Next came Joan, dark-haired and laughing, doing her comedy songs. She put them right in the mood for Marvelle's hulas. Marvelle soloed first, then coaxed a couple of the fellows to dance with her. Neil followed this with a few magic tricks, assisted by Joan, after which the boys clamored for another song.

something to remember her by . . .

"What would you like?" she asked them.

And as if with one voice they called: "Oh, give me something to remember you by."

An old tune, and not at all a gay one, Ingrid noted, as the plaintive melody rose, and the house fell still. Well, then, maybe she hadn't been wrong about Maria.

Now came the moment she dreaded. Stage fright? No. Even worse than that. Now she must listen while Neil introduced her.

Famous actress from Hollywood, great honor to have her with us and so forth and so on—

"Please don't, Neil," she'd begged, at rehearsal. "It will make them laugh. They've been up there so long, they've never even seen me."

"I don't care," said Neil. "Sooner or later they'll see you."

So she stood there blushing, waiting for the cue, imagining the whispers:

"Who is she, did you ever see her?"

Ingrid won't tell you of the roar that went up to greet her, but Joan and Nancy will. Some of the boys must have seen *Casablanca,* or else they just liked the way she looked. Joan and Nancy will also tell you about the moment when liking turned to love.

To break the ice, Ingrid, too, did a couple of magic tricks with Neil. Then he left the stage to her and Nancy.

"I brought this Swedish dress all the way from home," she began, "for an excuse to sing you some Swedish folksongs."

If you saw *Bells of St. Marys,* you know how charmingly she sang them.

One song in particular—"A janta a ja"—went over big. They thought the ja-sounds were very funny.

"It would be nice," said Ingrid afterward, "to sing it together, and it's really not difficult. You listen and say the words after me. A janta a ja—"

"A janta a ja," they roared obediently.

"Alto polanda vegen a ja—"

"Alta polanda vegen a ja—"

"I think we can still make it a little easier. Are there any Jansens and Svensens in the audience?" A lot of blond boys got to their feet, grinning. "That's fine. We Svensens will lead."

It brought down the house. Flushed and laughing, she waited for the hubbub to die.

"Now, to finish this part of the program, I would like to dance a little polka that I learned as a child—"

What followed was completely spontaneous and unrehearsed. A GI jumped up and rattled off some Swedish at her. She smiled and nodded, rattling off some Swedish back. An invitation to the dance, as the others soon found out, and the lady had accepted. Down the aisle ran the soldier, vaulted to the stage and took his place opposite her. Nancy started the accordion.

"And there," says Ingrid, still laughing at the memory, "we went off jumping."

From that point on, they'd have sat enthralled while she did the multiplication table.

She did Maria, instead. Neither then, nor at any of the spots they played later, did the boys seem to find Maria too serious. On the contrary. Many who knew the book realized that what had happened years earlier among the mountains of Spain had a very direct connection with their presence here. Ingrid told them about the movie and how it was made. She sketched the background leading up to each of her scenes. And it was their response that sent her home to tell all who'd listen: "Make an overseas tour, not so much for the boys as for yourself. It's an audience you'll never find among people who come in and pay to see you.

It's the kind of audience actors dream about."

Gift of the Magi, with Neil playing the man, wound up the show. But that was only the shank of the evening. Out of the auditorium, under the starlit night, they streamed across the snow to the big canteen, where the Red Cross had prepared a Christmas party. Mountains of ham and turkey, acres of pie, rivers of coffee.

Nancy and Ingrid, Joan and Marvelle helped serve the customers—some too bashful for more than a smile as they took their food, others so eager to talk that it took a dig in the ribs from their buddies to get them going.

There were gifts, too, packed by the Red Cross, which the girls helped distribute. Then the jukebox was started for dancing, and of course the boys stood in line to cut in on the visitors who never got more than a few whirls with each. But even while they danced and laughed, their eyes remained sad. And why not? What did the immediate future hold for them but more grinding monotony and loneliness at best? And at worst—

She was glad when the dancing stopped, and they sat down on the floor to sing Christmas carols. Now, at least, they wouldn't have to pretend. You can sing without forcing a smile on your face. You could even perhaps get some kind of release from those songs dedicated to the birth of the Man of Sorrows.

where do we go from here? . . .

As if to put the mood into words, a boy stood up. He couldn't have been more than 19, and he spoke very simply.

"I'm not for speeches any more than the rest of you, so what I've got on my chest I'll get off it quick. This is my first Christmas away from home. The same goes for a lot of you guys, and on the other hand, some of you haven't seen your folks in two and three Christmases. We don't know how long we'll be hanging around here, or whether we won't be in some worse place a year from now. But so far we're safe and healthy and alive, and that's a lot to be grateful for these days. So I think we ought to sing The Lord's Prayer to thank Him."

For Ingrid, who's heard it before and since but never so movingly, The Lord's Prayer will always mean a great shadowed room, flickering with Christmas lights, and the voices of hundreds of men.

When it was over, nobody stirred for a moment. Then a door was opened on the frosty air and the spell was broken and they dashed for hats and coats. It was 11:30. At the Post church, they were preparing to celebrate midnight mass.

By the time services came to an end, the moon was out, and the boys obviously had something more up their sleeves.

"Of course," they said, polite but wistful, "we don't want to keep you girls up if you're tired *but—*"

But the baseball park had been flooded for skating, and it looked unbelievably lovely in the moonlight, and of course the girls wouldn't have missed it for anything, so they skated their legs off until 3 in the morning, then went home and gathered in the kitchen for fruitcake and wine, sent over with the compliments of General Buckner, while they opened Christmas packages from their families.

They didn't expect nor want nor get much sleep. But they couldn't figure out the sound of sleighbells next morning which seemed to come from right inside the house. Marvelle rolled out of bed and trailed the jingle to its source.

"It's the phone," she squealed. "The telephone rings like sleighbells."

And it kept on ringing, bringing so many invitations to breakfast and lunch that the girls divided forces and ate at different mess halls. Again they went to the hospital, and sang the same songs over and over. But mostly that day they sat and talked to the boys, though Ingrid remembers with humor and compassion the boy who didn't talk.

All he said to her was yes and no, looking hunted, and finally he shoved his chair back in desperation.

"You'll have to excuse me. It's two and a half years since I talked to a girl. I don't know how any more." And he turned and fled.

But he was the exception. For the most part, in ward or mess-hall, what struck Ingrid was their hunger for talk.

It wasn't your being in the movies that made it important. They were just as happy, says Ingrid, to talk to Nancy, who wasn't a professional at all. They asked questions about Hollywood, but many more about home. What was it like in the States now? What were people doing? When did they think the war would be over? They showed you snapshots. An MP, the father of four children, drew Ingrid into a long and earnest discussion on the raising of youngsters. One boy said: "Just to see someone from home—it's a little as though you'd been home yourself."

And through all their talk ran one ever-recurring theme—that Neil and the girls should have come for the holidays, at a time when everybody most wanted to be with their folks! That Ingrid should have left her little girl—

To be thanked was more than she could bear. "We come for a few weeks. You others are doing so much more—"

"It's our job."

"It's our job, too. And," she added, "a great privilege, besides."

the real meaning . . .

Next day, as the plane rose over Elmendorf Field on its way to their next stop, Ingrid felt it was she who owed a debt of gratitude. Almost every year since coming to America, she'd been working at Christmastime. Working till the last minute. Scrambling to buy gifts. Resting all Christmas day because she was too tired for anything else. Somewhere in the shuffle you lost the meaning of the season. Here, it had been restored. Christmas was nothing unless you gave of yourself to meet the need of others, whatever that need might be—the warmth of a coat or the warmth of a friendly hand. Actually, you were giving *to* yourself in values that couldn't be measured nor bought in a shop.

"It's their gift to me," she thought. "A Christmas I'll never forget."

Six weeks later they were home, the whole thing a howling success but for one disappointment.

Pia had expected her mother to bring back a bear.

That was four years ago.

This Christmas, Neil Hamilton's in New York, after a road tour with *State of the Union.*

Marvelle, married to the police chief of Burbank, has retired from professional life.

Joan's still in radio and has just finished *Mary Lou* for Columbia.

Nancy's husband did come back. They have a baby.

Since first starting in movies, Ingrid's dream of dreams has been to do Joan of Arc for the screen. This Christmas her dream is coming true.

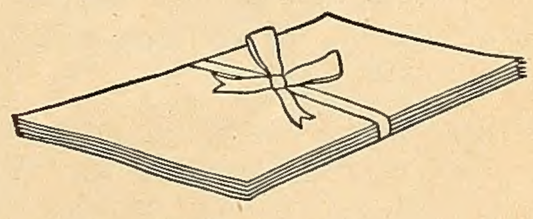
Most of the boys at Anchorage—those who stayed safe and healthy and alive—are at home. The war is over, but the peace isn't won—largely because all over the world except here people are hungry. That's why Ingrid holds tight to what she re-learned four years ago. That Christmas is nothing unless you give of yourself to meet the needs of others.



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 81*)

his exploits is ready to stop fighting a duel to make love as he is to stop making love to fight a duel. In Eighteenth Century Sicily he has achieved quite a reputation in both fields. At present he is in Malta, having followed a beautiful blonde that far.

The patriot forces which have rebelled against the emperor need Casanova's fighting ability badly. Lorenzo (Turhan Bey) goes to get him. Casanova comes back enthusiastically to fight for his beloved Sicily.

He institutes a new system of guerilla warfare, and kidnaps the governor's brother. By using him as a hostage he persuades the governor to give the people more food. He also meets the governor's daughter, Lady Bianca (Noreen Nash), and somewhat to his disappointment finds she is engaged to his best friend, Lorenzo. Anyway, she has a very pretty lady in waiting, Zanetta (Lucille Bremer), who suits his taste better.

Zanetta, dressed as a man, comes to the patriot force with a message that Lady Bianca is going to join them. Casanova greets her politely, and pretends he has no idea she *isn't* a man.

From here on, everyone so far mentioned gets captured by one side or the other.—*Eagle-Lion*

CALL NORTHSIDE 777

In 1932 there was a crime wave in Chicago that made every other crime wave look like boys playing cops and robbers in a vacant lot. And in 1932, a policeman named Bundy, among others, was shot. Eventually, two men went to prison for the crime.

Eleven years later, the city editor of the Chicago Times, Kelly (Lee J. Cobb), finds himself staring at an ad in his own paper. It says "Information wanted on the murder of Officer Bundy. Five thousand reward. Call Northside 777."

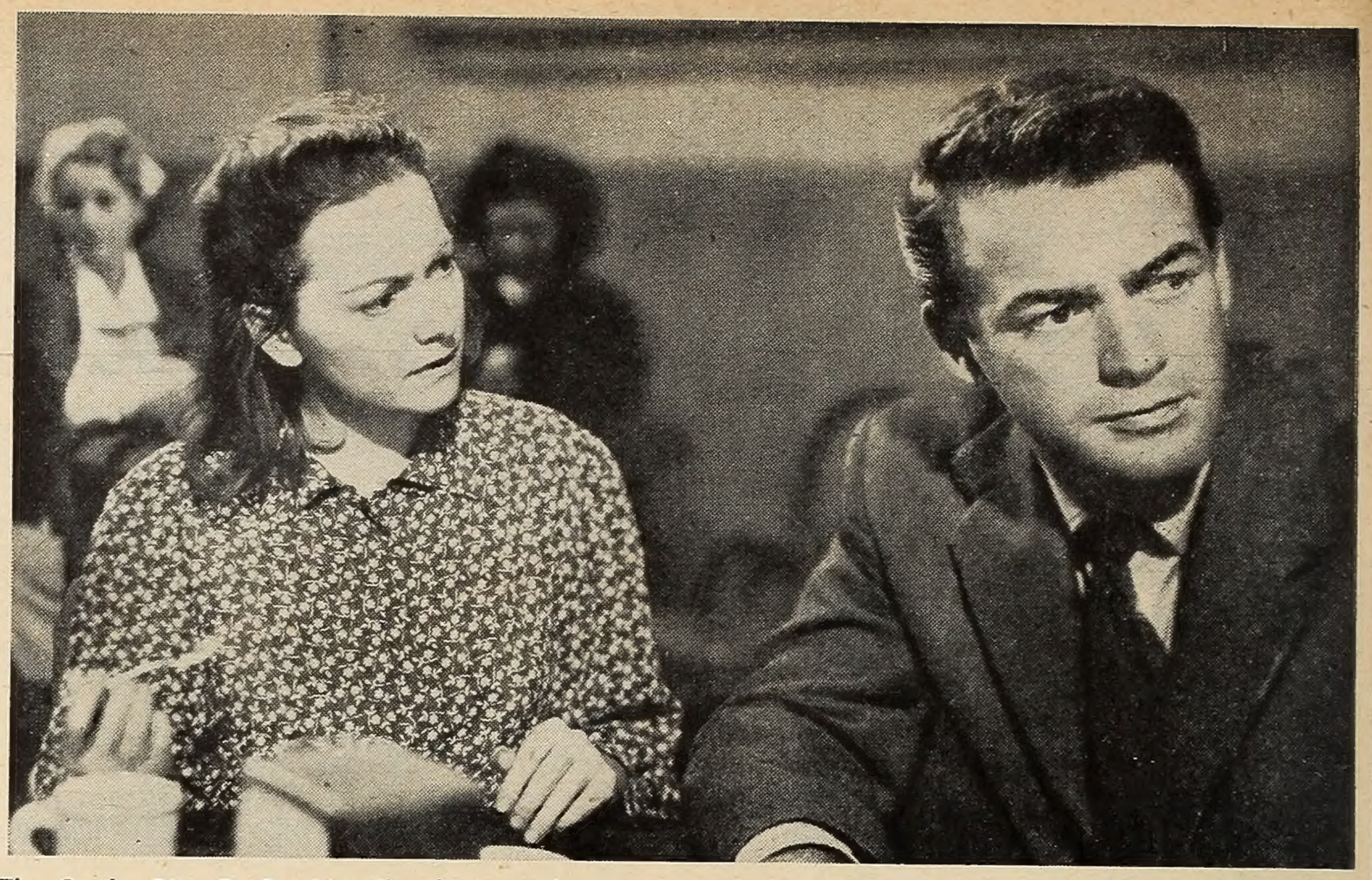
Obviously, something is up, and obviously Kelly wants to know what it is. The man he picks to find out is McNeil (Jimmy Stewart). At first, it seems like a bad choice. McNeil's sympathy lies more with the murdered policeman than with the men Wiecek (Richard Conte) and Zaleska (Richard Tyne), who are supposed to have shot him.

Then he meets Wiecek's mother. It's she who put the ad in the paper.

So McNeil goes on up to the prison and talks to Wiecek. He still isn't convinced, one way or the other. But he agrees to investigate. He finds that Wiecek's wife has divorced him and re-married. When he talks to her, she says, "He made me do it, because of our son. He doesn't want the other kids telling him his dad's a jailbird."

There is a little evidence here, a little there. Most of it points to Wiecek's innocence. But against it is the damning, terrifying evidence of an "eye-witness." Her name is Wanda Skutnik (Betty Garde).

McNeil is a stubborn man. He has seen enough to convince himself of Wiecek's innocence and he's going on from there. Not Wanda, nor anyone else in the world, can stop him.—*20th-Fox*



The Snake Pit: O. De Havilland plays the psychopath who can't remember husband M. Stevens.

THE SNAKE PIT

In the old days they threw insane people into a pit full of snakes, hoping the shock would cure them. Even modern science uses shock treatment, though of quite a different kind. It still isn't pretty, but neither is the fact that one out of every twenty people in the U. S. spends part of his life in a mental hospital. Think of that when you watch the picture.

Snake Pit tells the story of Virginia Cunningham (Olivia De Havilland), who wakes up one bleak November day and finds herself in a state mental hospital. She has little or no memory of anything since the May before. Now she is surrounded by insane people, and by doctors and nurses who are too hurried or too hardened to care about what happens to her as a person.

There's an exception to this. Doctor Kik (Leo Genn). To him, a patient is always an individual. He is particularly interested in the case of Virginia. In her denial that she has a husband, although Robert Cunningham (Mark Stevens) comes to see her every visiting day. In her violent reaction to the rag doll another patient gives her. In the fits of violence which set her back just as she seems to be improving.

Virginia gets shock treatments. She gets cold baths and wet packs. She gets the works. And she still goes berserk now and then because of things that are going on in her mind. Things she thinks she can't tell even Dr. Kik. So she goes back, eventually, to the violent ward. That's as far back as you can go.

Curiously enough, it is here that Virginia begins to realize she is regaining her mental equilibrium. She recognizes Robert now when he comes to see her, and feels the old kinship with him. And now, at last, she devotes all her efforts to getting well—well enough to go home.

There are superb performances in *The Snake Pit*. I happened to like Leo Genn best. You may prefer Olivia De Havilland or Mark Stevens or Celeste Holm. It's a picture you should see.—*20th-Fox*



Adventures of Casanova: Dashing Sicilian lover, A. De Cordova, toasts court lady Lucille Bremer.

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